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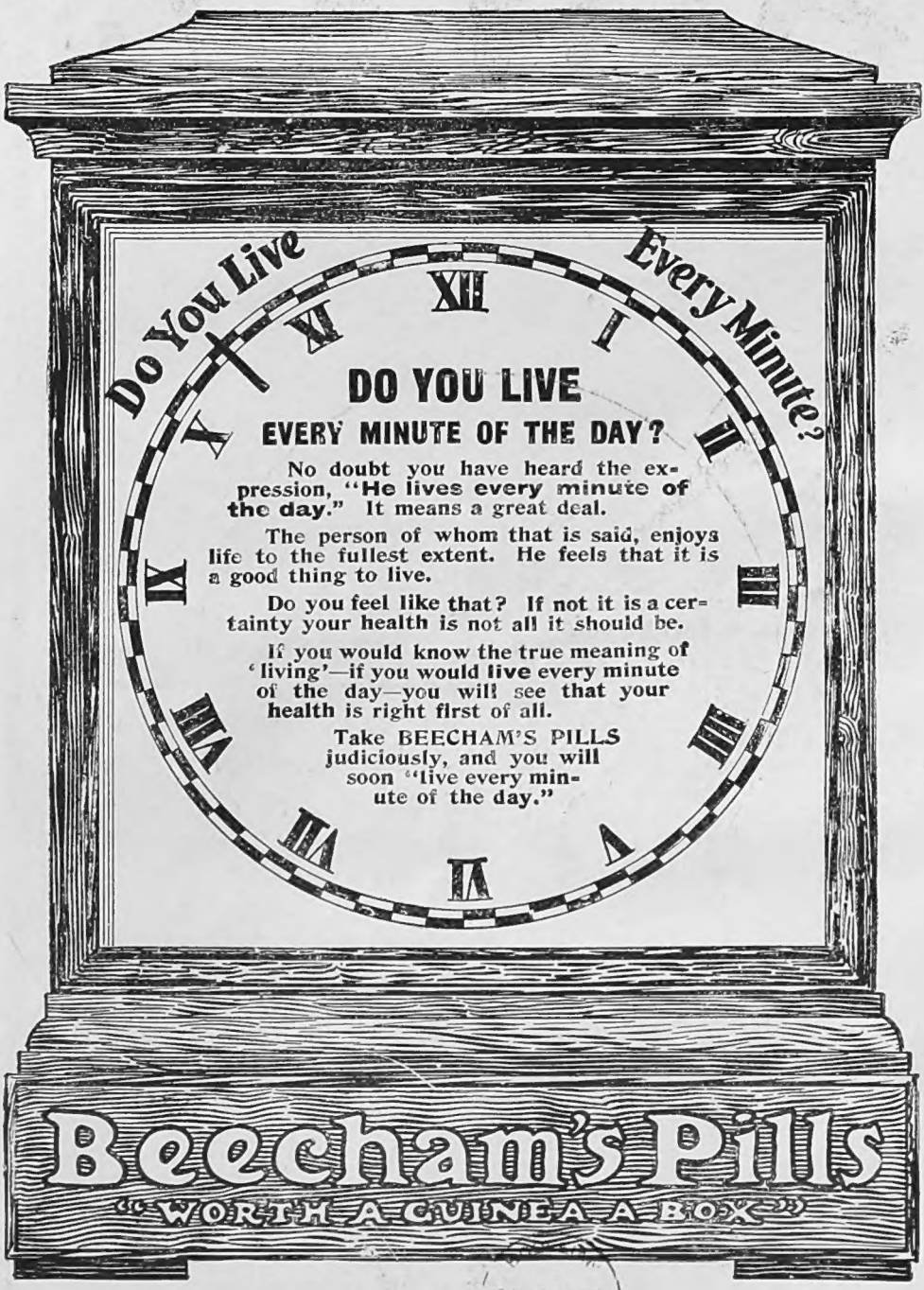
Do You Live
Every Minute?
XII
I
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XI
DO YOU LIVE
EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY?
No doubt you have heard the expression, "He lives every minute of the day." It means a great deal.
The person of whom that is said, enjoys life to the fullest extent. He feels that it is a good thing to live.
Do you feel like that? If not it is a certainty your health is not all it should be.
If you would know the true meaning of 'living'—if you would live every minute of the day—you will see that your health is right first of all.
Take BEECHAM'S PILLS judiciously, and you will soon "live every minute of the day."
Beecham's Pills
"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

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MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

The humorist HOFFMANN held that Evil was always concealed behind APPARENT Good, and the Devil had a whisk of his tail in EVERYTHING!

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic. 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

MORAL.—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, LIKE

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

THE BEST ANTIDOTE YET INTRODUCED. IT RECTIFIES THE STOMACH and MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY BY SOOTHING AND NATURAL MEANS! Its UNIVERSAL Success distinctly proves that it is impossible to OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE.

There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a serious illness. Its effect on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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John Noble's Great Offer.

For a short time only Messrs. John Noble Ltd. (the World's Greatest Costume Manufacturers are offering their special Blouse-&-Skirt Outfit (as Sketch) at the remarkably low price of 5/11 complete.

The Blouse is of fancy muslin, either Heliotrope, Pink, Sky, or Grey, on a white ground. Trimmed Lace insertion and tucked silk. The Skirt is of good durable Black or Navy Serge or Brown Holland. Quite the latest style: inverted pleat at back; fastening at side. Sizes of waist are 24, 26 and 28 ins. only. Price **5/11** the complete Outfit. Carriage 6d. extra. The Grandest Value ever offered. No lady should miss this Bargain. Prompt Delivery and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

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I am sending a photo of my little boy, aged 7 months, who has been brought up almost from birth on **Neave's Food**. At first we tried several expensive Foods, but nothing satisfied him until we tried **Neave's Food**. From the first he improved rapidly, and now he is in perfect health, and as you will see, a living advertisement of what **Neave's Food** can do. You may use this as you please. I am, Sirs,

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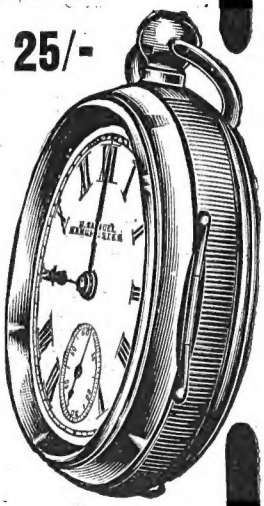

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Size of Billiard Table ... 5ft. 4in.	6ft. 4in.	7ft. 4in.	8ft. 4in.
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This illustration shows a Billiard Table ready to place on any Dinner Table and instantly removable. It is very popular "at home," and is very much appreciated by those who cannot accommodate a full-sized Billiard Table.

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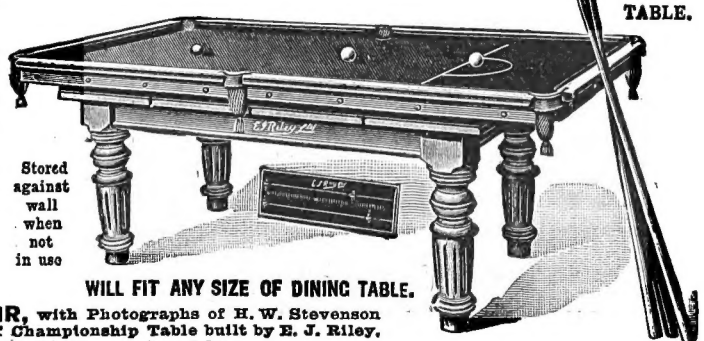

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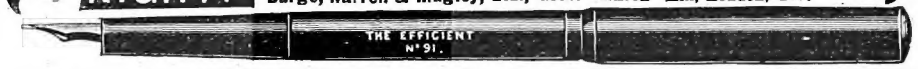

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MIXTURE

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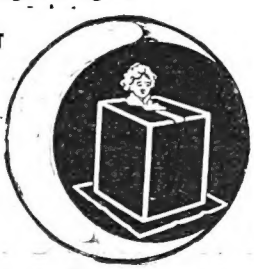

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When you feel Exhausted, haven't ambition or strength to do anything, and your Appetite is poor, take Guy's Tonic. It will revive and Strengthen you in a most gratifying manner. It improves Appetite, ensures perfect Digestion and Assimilation of Food, overcomes Weakness, and increases the capacity for hard Mental and Physical labour. Guy's Tonic removes "that Tired feeling," gives new Life, new courage, Strength and Animation. Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere at 13½d. per bottle. You are urged to give it a trial—It never fails.

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"An Invaluable Pick-me-up."

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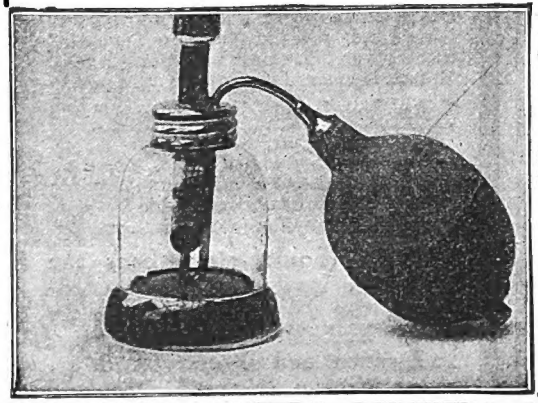

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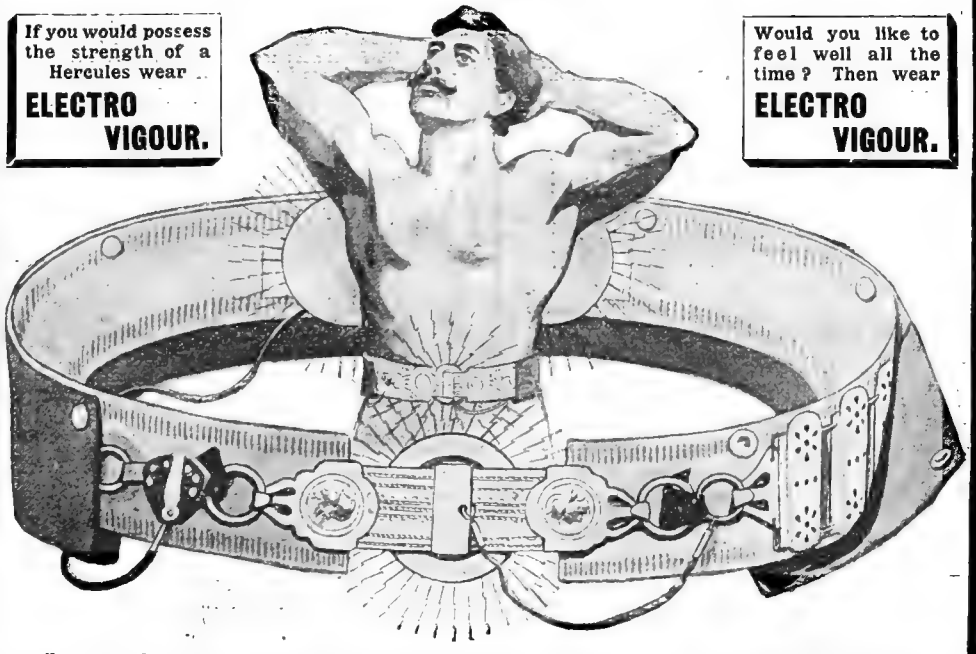
If you would possess the strength of a Hercules wear **ELECTRO VIGOUR.**



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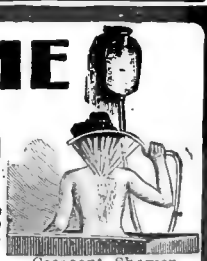

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Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirt to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time, they reduce the laundry bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. **The invention has commended itself to hundreds and thousands of customers all over the world.**

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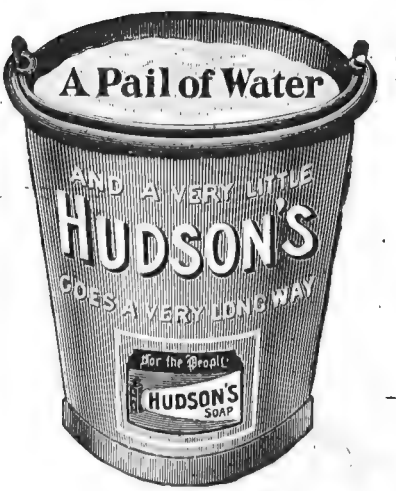

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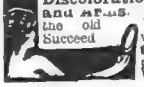

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REMARKABLE STORY IN TWO LETTERS.

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IF you have hitherto looked upon Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, Blood Spitting, and other chest diseases as incurable, you will surely be greatly interested in reading the following extracts from letters, written by one out of the many thousands of grateful patients who have been restored to permanent health by the Weidhaas Home Treatment.

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(Full address on application).

"*To Professor Paul Weidhaas.*

"*Dear Sir,—For six years I was subject to spasmodic attacks of Asthma. They would come on in the night, and my cough was so bad that for weeks together I could not sleep. I had chest pains, and a cold perspiration all over, and found it difficult to breathe. I went under five doctors, but they all failed to cure me. After a full course of the Weidhaas Home Treatment I was completely restored to health.*
Yours, etc., HENRY LIDGETT."

CURED TO STAY CURED.

Two years later, replying to an enquirer who had written for his address, Mr. Lidgett wrote:—"It is quite true I was cured of Asthma by Prof. Paul Weidhaas. That is two years ago, and the cure was absolutely complete."

PROF. PAUL WEIDHAAS.

"I PLEDGE MY WORD."

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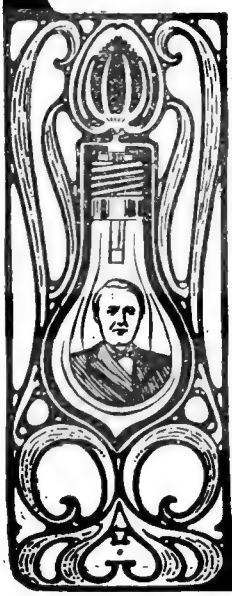

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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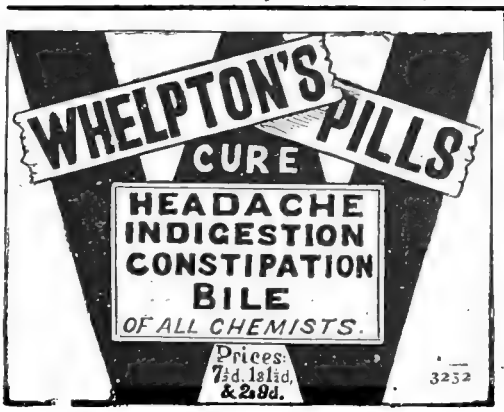
The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are inclosed, will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I. to VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes III., IV., V., VI. and VII. may also be had, price 4/- each, post free 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are for sale on application to the Editor.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.



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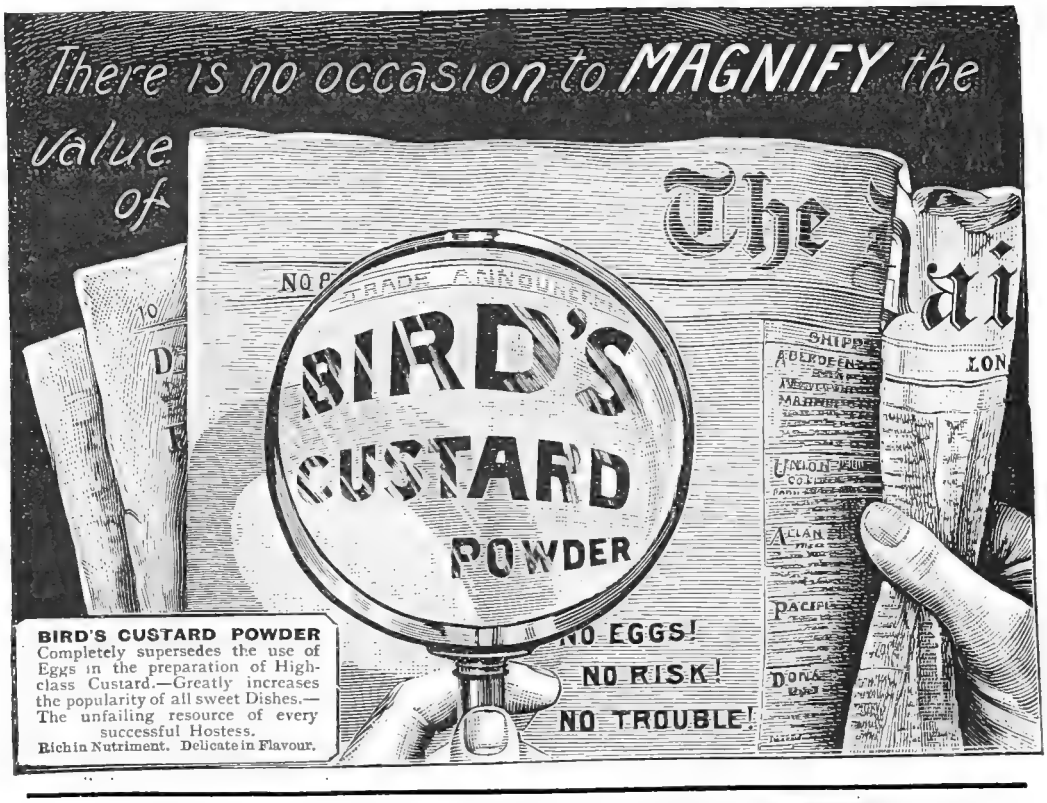
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Photo, *Fellows Willson.*

I wonder if you keep a roll
  Of men who simply can't forget you?
If so, pray add me to the scroll—
  I love you, though I've never met you!

Vol. X.—September, 1903.—No. 59.

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MY LADY CHRYSANTHEMUM.
From a Photograph.

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo by White.

AIDA OVERTON WALKER.

A member—more, the leading "star" lady—of the Williams & Walker Negro Company, who have been charming London audiences with "In Dahomey," Aida Overton Walker is a delightful lady and a brilliant dancer. She plays the part of a naughty child, ever eager and ready to get into any sort of trouble that comes handy, from putting on some smart young lady's new ball dress to smashing all the crockery just as the dinner bell is ringing. Aida Walker is a born actress, and could shine in serious parts, and even Shakespearian drama. But singing and dancing are her great points. She is the wife of Mr. George Walker, who is part manager of the company.

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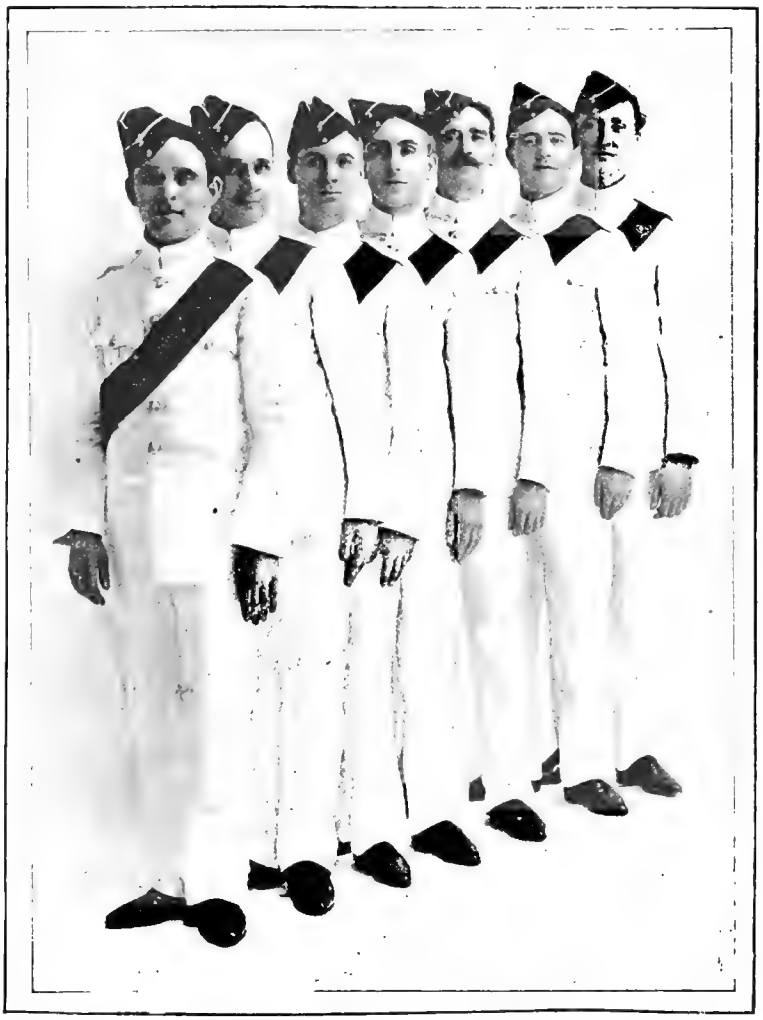

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

THE "M.I." CONCERT PARTY.

This is one of the two "M.I." (Mounted Infantry) companies produced by Messrs. Harry Grattan and Herbert Clayton. The members have all first-class voices, and they sing, talk, and act with the greatest success. Says Mr. Harry Grattan: "We hold the view that there is nothing too good for the public. We started the 'M.I.'s' as a good music-hall turn. They were enormously successful, and we were delighted to be engaged by the managers of the Haymarket Theatre. Then we started another party to tour the towns on the south coast. They are gaining tremendous applause wherever they go." Mr. Grattan and his partner have certainly given us a good entertainment. We wish the "M.I." concert party success.

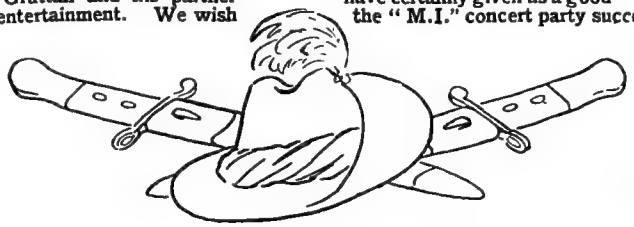

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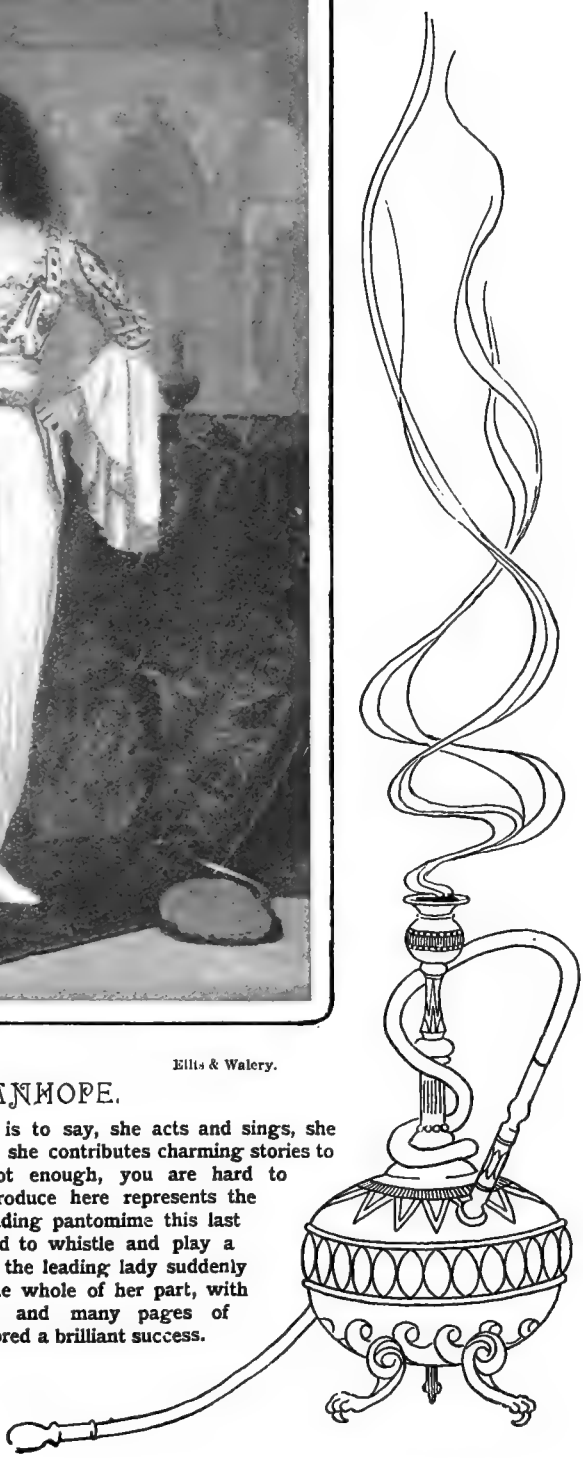
Photo by Ellis & Walery.

ERROLL STANHOPE.

Erroll Stanhope does everything. That is to say, she acts and sings, she whistles beautifully, and dances, and she contributes charming stories to the magazines. If that is not enough, you are hard to please. The photograph which we reproduce here represents the young lady as the princess in a leading pantomime this last Christmas. She was engaged to whistle and play a small part; but the day before Boxing Day the leading lady suddenly fell ill. Erroll Stanhope learnt up the whole of her part, with four songs, several dances, and many pages of dialogue, went on the next evening, and scored a brilliant success.



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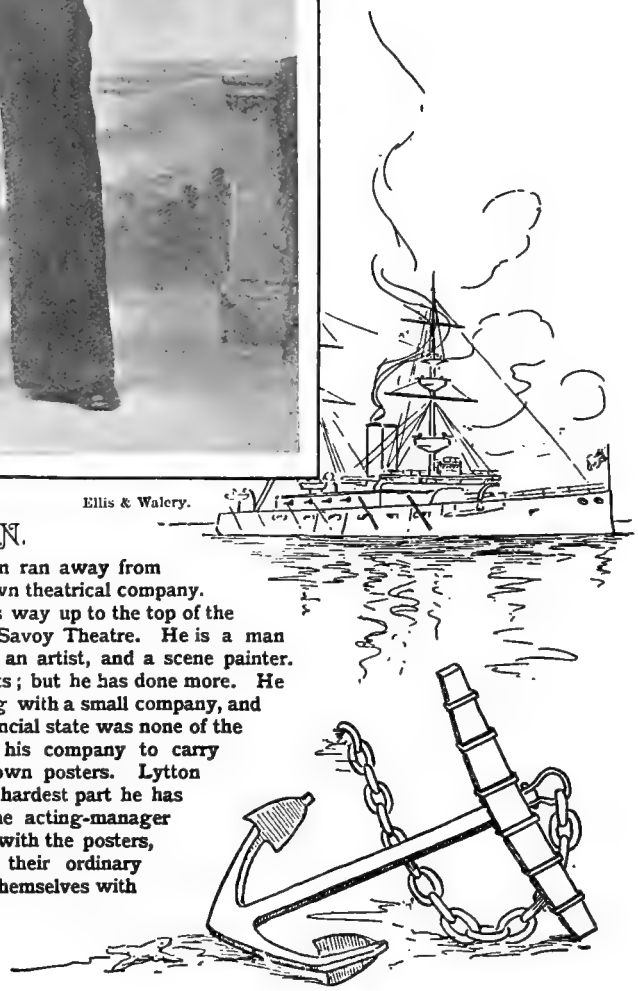
H. A. LYTTON.

When he was a boy Master Harry Lytton ran away from school to join a small and little known theatrical company. Since then he has worked his way up to the top of the tree, and is now the leading light of the Savoy Theatre. He is a man of many parts—an actor, a singer, an artist, and a scene painter. These are his usual pursuits; but he has done more. He has been a bill-poster. He was touring with a small company, and the manager, finding that his financial state was none of the best, had perforce to get his company to carry their own scenery and paste up their own posters. Lytton was "cast" as the bill-poster—the hardest part he has ever played—and he and the acting-manager stole out at midnight to paste the town with the posters, wearing their night shirts over their ordinary clothes lest they splashed themselves with the tell-tale paste.



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MURIEL BEAUMONT.

Three years ago Muriel Beaumont went to the Haymarket Theatre. She walked on in "The Manœuvres of Jane." She then played in "Frocks and Frills," that wonderful play which delighted all the ladies in the country because of the ravishing costumes worn on the stage. Then Miss Beaumont played in "The Admirable Crichton," where she met Mr. Gerald du Maurier on the stage and married him off the stage. What could be more satisfactory?

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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

No. VI.—THE MAN IN THE GREY CLOAK.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—known to his Confederates as Captain Contraband—and Mistress Josephine Willoughby, the beautiful Girl who Accompanied him on his Wild Smuggling Escapades. This is the story of the Strangest Cargo Sir Nicholas ever Ran.

Four people at the time of its occurrence knew the details of an adventure which threatened to alter the whole course of the war then going on between France and England. Sir Nicholas Vyse, the King of the Smugglers, was one, and Josephine Willoughby, Queen of the same, was another; the third party to the secret was a Person near the Throne, and the fourth was the victim himself. And it came about in this way:

Nick Vyse, in the days before he took to smuggling for an honest livelihood, had been an intimate of the Prince Regent and of the other royal and semi-royal personages who made up the Regent's harum-scarum set; and Nick, on leaving his old life, had given a light promise to his comrades that, if ever he could serve them in any way connected with smuggling, his wits, his ship, and his men should all be at their service.

The promise was lightly given, I say, but Sir Nicholas was punctilious in such matters, and, when the call came unexpectedly, he set about the hazardous venture at once, without a thought except that the call was a command.

It was on a day of late October that a courier, on a sweating, foam-white horse, dashed up to the gate of the little garden—full now of yellow, red and white chrysanthemums—which protected Nick Vyse's house from the road. Nick himself was coming out at the door, as it chanced, with a fowling-piece across his shoulder and a game-bag hanging at his back; for he loved sport of all kinds, whether wild duck were to be shot or Preventive cruisers to be dodged.

"You ride in haste, my man," he said carelessly.

"I do, sir, for I ride from ——" and the courier named the Person near the Throne, who need not, for reasons of policy, be named more accurately.

Sir Nicholas took the letter and broke the seal. He looked perplexed as he read the brief message; then his face began to twitch; finally he broke into a roar of laughter.

"My faith, that's good!" he cried.

Again he read the message through, and again he laughed.

"My well-beloved Nick," ran the note, "you promised to help anyone of your old friends if your ship and your wit could do it. I claim that promise now—not just on my own account, perhaps, but I speak for one whom you know, one nearer still to the Throne, whose name must not appear in this. On the French coast there is a man—a short, thick-set man, wrapped in a grey cloak that licks his heels, and with a jaw that cannot be mistaken (there's so much of it)—a man who goes there every day at noon, and stares across at the English coast.

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"We are at war with France, as you know; we want to do a service to this rogue in the grey cloak by giving him an opportunity to study England from this side of the water. In brief, Nick o' mine, you must smuggle him. As I say, we are at war with France, and the capture will have to be effected in broad daylight; but we look to you.

"When you have got him, keep somewhere where it is snug and quiet—say, where you keep your smuggled Schnapps. Slip the inclosed ring on your finger, and if any English ship comes into your little venture, show it to the commander; the Fleet has orders to *obey the ring*. Waste no time, madcap Nick, and remember that you're serving England.

"Yours, GEORGE.

"P.S.—The person mentioned is accustomed to take his stand on a lonely bit of shore a league and a half west of Calais. There's a bay there with a ruined tower on one side, and a line of sand-dunes on the other. Beach your boat in the bay, and look about you for the grey-cloaked rogue."

"Lord, that's good!" repeated Sir Nicholas. "Uncommonly like George's easy way of taking a matter, too. Asks me to risk my little cutter against the whole French Navy—asks me to carry off a man as if he were a keg of brandy—forgets to mention, except as an afterthought, on which part of the coast my man is to be found. Yes, that is like George."

He motioned to the courier to follow him indoors, ordered food and drink to be brought, then penned his answer.

"Dear George," he wrote laconically, "I will do my best. If the French Fleet interferes, I will, of course, blow it up.

"Yours, NICK."

When the courier had gone, taking the sealed answer back with him, Nick Vyse sent a servant with certain orders to the crew of the good ship *Thyra*, then in harbour at St. Thanes. This done, he went out into the golden autumn sunlight and paced to and fro along the edge of the chalk cliff, thinking out the situation. The man who was to be captured was clearly a spy, and so far the errand pleased Sir Nicholas, for he disliked all Frenchmen, and one who was not French only, but a spy into the bargain, was beyond the pale.

There was another side to the matter, though. His trips to Dunkirk, in search of Schnapps and pressed tobacco-leaf, had been simple ventures compared with this; there was war between the countries, to be sure, but it was easy for a small ship like the *Thyra*, insignificant of build and possessed, moreover, of a clean pair of heels of her own, to worm her way into Dunkirk, ship her cargo under cover of night, and be off again before the dawn.

But now he was pledged to touch French soil in open daylight, to land, to capture one whose welfare was important to the English Government, and who, by reason of his consequence, might well be expected to have comrades near at hand while he enjoyed his reveries, apparently so lonely, on the seaboard near to Calais.

"I'll take it like a hedge at hunting-time," Nick muttered. "'Tis the only way with a mad venture of this sort, and fifty plans thought out beforehand would only hamper me."

He felt a soft nose put into his hand, and, looking down, saw Ponto, the dog who had dipped as deep in smuggling as any man about the coast. Josephine Willoughby was with him, and the girl was laughing gaily at Nick's absent-minded air.

"What is the venture, sir?" she asked. "For I know there *is* a venture, by the way you are looking out to sea."

"Oh, a trifle," answered the other, "just a trifle, Josephine. I have to cross to the French coast and smuggle—what, think you?"

"Schnapps?" ventured Josephine.

"No. Guess again."

"Tobacco? Lace?"

"No. I've to smuggle a man in a grey cloak."

"Oh, you are jesting," the girl pouted.

"But, indeed, I am not. The man is a French spy, it seems, and I have orders to secure him."

Josephine was thoughtful for a while; then her eyes lit up, and she put an eager hand on Nick's sleeve.

"Dear, I am going with you," she said.

"Not this time, Josie. The risk is too great."

"Then the risk is too great for you, and I shall not let you go. Listen, Nick. I have promised to marry you quite soon, and I mean to share every venture afterwards. Why not let me go on this one?"

Nick Vyse could be stubborn on occasion, though, and he would not yield the point. He remembered the open nature of the adventure, the risk of battle, not with clumsily-firing Preventive cruisers, but with the big ships of the French Navy. It was

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absurd to think of letting the girl share dangers such as these.

"Not this time, sweetheart," he said.

So Josephine, being a wise maiden when she wished to have her way, said nothing more just then, and even ceased to pout; but late that night, when Nick Vyse was aboard his ship the *Thyra,* and was standing on the bridge as she sailed briskly through the dark toward the Calais coast, there came a loud, clear summons in a girl's voice.

"Ahoy there! Hoy-hoy-hoy!"

Nick laughed, for he knew the voice was Josephine's—knew, too, that she had outwitted him and meant to share in the escapade whether he wished it or no. The *Thyra* came slowly round in obedience to his orders, a boat crept out of the darkness and into the band of light thrown by the ship's lanterns; a moment more and Josephine, followed close by Ponto, was on deck, her laughter ringing clear and sweet.

"I had to come, you understand, and so had Ponto—he begged so hard when I tried to leave him behind at the last moment."

This was all the explanation Mistress Josephine vouchsafed; and Nick, as he held her two hands firm, was moved to whisper: "It's good to see you here." Which frankly was ridiculous from one who, a few hours before, had been convinced that she must stay ashore.

As for the crew a hoarse cheer went up when they knew that Mistress Josephine was among them once again. This girl, their comrade in many a happy-go-lucky smuggling cruise, had grown to be the angel of good fortune to them; not a venture had gone wrong which she had shared; and now, though Nick had told them frankly that the present trip was a risky one, they did not care a stiver, being sure of winning through somehow with Captain Josephine, as they called her, to stand beside their other Captain.

The wind, though light, was with them, and before dawn they were so close to the French coast that Nick thought it safer to come no nearer until after sunrise. Dawn crept across the quiet waters; not a craft of any sort was to be seen; and so, the wind staying light and friendly, they waited, hour after patient hour, until at last the sun showed that it was nearing noon.

They tacked up the coast then, and soon Nick saw the bay, with a ruined tower on one side, and a line of sand-dunes on the other, which the Person near the Throne had described in his letter. Nick's spying-glass, carefully as he raked the foreshore, showed no figure in a grey cloak there; the sad, lone land was empty of all life, save such as chattering gulls and other sea-fowl afforded.

In spite of this, the first check he had had as yet, he ordered the *Thyra* to be brought in close to shore; then he and three of the strongest of the crew were put ashore in the boat, and hid themselves among the grasses that rustled in the shrewd autumn wind. A half-hour passed, an hour, and Nick was just beginning to tell himself that he had been brought here on a fool's errand, when a figure, wrapped indeed in a grey coat, came briskly from the direction of Calais, strode to the extreme limit of the beach and stood there, with folded arms, gazing fixedly across the sweep of water which lay between England and himself.

Short, square-shouldered, with the eye of a hawk, and the look of a man who meant to conquer—Nick could see the newcomer's least detail of face and figure, as he lay and watched, not a dozen yards from his unconscious victim. Some vague familiarity in the stranger's appearance struck him, but he could not interpret it. Besides, he was clearly the man in search of whom he had sailed to this forlorn strip of seaboard, and action was the order of the day.

"Ready?" he whispered to his men. "Close in on him at once—we must catch him with a whole skin."

"Ay, ay," murmured the sailors.

Nick sprang to his feet; his comrades followed; the stranger had no time to look round before he found himself grasped from behind. There was a spluttered oath on his part, a cheery "Heave-ho, lads!" from Sir Nicholas, and feet and head they hoisted him aloft, splashed through the shallows with him, and lowered him dexterously into the bottom of their boat.

A moment more and they had rowed alongside the good ship *Thyra,* from which Josephine was watching eagerly. The stranger, after his first outburst, had settled into a moody silence, and Sir Nicholas, looking at his firm-set jaw and sombre eyes, was struck afresh, not only with that sense of a something familiar in the man's face, but with the dogged strength of will and purpose which he showed.

"I have to tender my apologies," said Nick, speaking in French, and bowing to his captive when they stood on the *Thyra's* deck. "Believe me, monsieur, I regret the curtailment—the necessary curtailment—of your liberty."

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They splashed through the shallows with the Man in the Grey Cloak, and lowered him dexterously into the bottom of their boat.

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The other answered laconically. "It is the fortune of war, monsieur—what do you want with me?"

"Faith I don't know!" laughed Nick. "Friends of mine in England are anxious for your safety, and I promised to look carefully after your health, monsieur, until these quarrels of the French and English are righted."

"Sapristi! You will not jest, monsieur, if you please. Tell me, do you think to carry me to England? If so, you seem to forget my Fleet."

"Your Fleet?" echoed Nick. "Monsieur, it is you who are the jester."

The other smiled grimly, then looked with new interest at Sir Nicholas. "Is it possible, then, that you do not know my name?" he snapped.

"I have not the honour. *I* am Sir Nicholas Vyse, at your service, and you—?" He paused, his hat poised delicately in his right hand.

"I? Oh, I am named Monsieur Blanc—a common name in France, I assure you."

"Then Monsieur Blanc, would it not be better that we understood each other at once? I have no designs against your safety; I am simply obeying orders, and shall be happy to accord you the treatment which one gentleman expects from another."

He glanced significantly at the other's sword and pistols, and Monsieur Blanc smiled coldly.

"You need not take them," he said. "So long as I am on your ship, I give my parole not to use them—a parole easily given, monsieur, for the French Fleet is cruising near, and they will not allow me to trespass on your kindness long."

Sir Nicholas bowed, and joined Aaron, the trusty old sea-dog who was keeping the look-out.

"Any sail in sight, Aaron?" he asked.

"No, Sir Nicholas. We've the sea to ourselves."

"Good. This fellow says the French Fleet is cruising near; he may be lying, but in any case remember that we don't want to pass the time of day with them."

He strolled aft then, and stood looking down upon the quiet seas. The stranger's calm acceptance of the situation, his easy manner and the self-restraint which seemed to have sprung from long habit of command—these things disturbed his conscience, somehow, and he half-regretted the success which so far had attended a mad escapade. Monsieur Blanc did not carry himself like a spy; all that Sir Nicholas could find against him was the fact that he was a Frenchman, and this did not seem a serious crime when viewed by the light of his prisoner's manliness.

"Heigho!" sighed Nick. "I wish my friends of the Regent's set would leave me to my honest smuggling. I don't like these contraband goods that walk upon two legs and wear a gentlemanly air."

Josephine, meanwhile, and Ponto, the dog who lived as close to her as her own shadow, were feeling much the same about the stranger. Ponto had gone up to Monsieur Blanc at his first coming, had sniffed his calves with nice discrimination, and had decided that here was a good fellow.

Josephine, for her part, had been more slow to approach him, but something in his attitude, as he leant over the *Thyra's* side and watched, with a sort of dignified regret, the fast-disappearing coast of France, led her to move nearer, little by little, until he looked up to find her almost at his elbow.

"*Bon jour, ma'mselle,*" he said, lifting his hat.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" she answered hesitatingly. "I fear—I fear you will not thank us for our hospitality."

"I accept what comes. Whatever happens, happens, ma'mselle—that is a safe rule of life."

"It seems so hard," she faltered, full of pity for him now, though a while since she had looked forward so eagerly to this adventure.

"*Eh bien*—things *are* hard, are they not? Yet you need not trouble; I shall be free before another hour has passed."

At the moment, as if to emphasize his confidence, the look-out gave a cry of "Sail ahead!" Nick Vyse ran quickly to old Aaron's side and took his eye-glass from him; Monsieur Blanc, on the other hand, smiled grimly and kept his place.

"She's a French man-of-war, Aaron, and a big one at that," said Nick, as the glass showed him the white sails and towering top-deck of the intruder, which was bearing down on them under full sail.

"She's all that, sir," growled Aaron, "her guns look pretty, don't they, peeping from her side?"

Sir Nicholas laughed, and so did Aaron; for all that either of them asked from life was wind in the sails, a run across smooth waters or rough, and in amongst it all a chance of fight.

The *Thyra*, small and low of build, had

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carried no flag as yet, but had trusted to her insignificance to cross and re-cross the Channel as a harmless freight-boat; but when the French ship drew near and hailed her, demanding her business, something rose in Nick Vyse's heart and set it beating. He had remembered that he was an Englishman, that the French were at open war with us; he had remembered, too, that once the little pirate ships of England had shattered the whole Spanish Navy.

"Run up the old flag!" he roared.

In a trice the English red-and-blue was fluttering at the mast. This was Nick's answer—in French waters, with one at least of the French warships close in front—to a query which he deemed impertinent. He thought no longer of his captive, of Josephine's safety; he was just a fighter, with the credit of his race to uphold, and he meant to see this little trouble through.

Monsieur Blanc, watching all this, clapped his hands in true French fashion. "*Pardieu*," he muttered, "there's a big man on this little ship." And he, too, seemed to forget his own safety, his own hopes of rescue, in watching the progress of the combat.

The French man-of-war lay irresolute for a moment, as if bewildered by the effrontery of this little ship which dared to flaunt the British flag; then she came slowly round and showed a double row of guns, set like hollow teeth in a curving jaw, to the *Thyra*. That brief delay gave Nick the chance for his master-stroke; while the man-of-war was veering round, before she could empty a broadside on him, his order rang out sharp and clear, and the *Thyra* ran in so close to her opponent that Nick could almost touch her sides—so close that the big guns towering above him were yards above his deck.

Again the French ship seemed bewildered, and two long sweeps of flame shot out from the *Thyra's* side; her guns were small, but they were fired at point-blank range, and the balls pierced the French ship's sides "between the sea and the daylight," as Aaron put it. Another quick change of sail and the *Thyra* was racing, hard as she could go in the track of a rising wind, with the Frenchman's guns bellowing behind her.

The gunner's aim was wild, however; three of the *Thyra's* spars were snapped, Josephine was touched on the arm by a passing bullet, but, for the rest, the little ship and the little crew were unhurt and light of heart. The man-of-war, ripped open in two vital spots, began to fill, and though shot after shot was sent in search of the quick-heeled *Thyra* not one took effect.

"She'll sink, sir," cried Aaron. "See she's shivering-like, and that means she'll settle by-and-bye. What course, sir, now?"

"Home, I fancy," answered Nick drily, as he searched the waters with his glass.

A moment later, and a smothered oath escaped him. "Three more men-of-war, Aaron," he said—"flying the French flag, all of them. The rogue was right, then, as to the Fleet being near, and the firing has brought them on to us like a hive of bees."

Aaron shifted his plug from the right to the left side of his grizzled jaw, then took the glass and swept it round in a slow half-circle.

"True, sir," he said, handing back the glass; "but you've not looked a few points to the south. There's three Frenchies right enough, but there's four men-of-war bearing up from the south, and they're flying the red-and-blue."

Sir Nicholas looked, then laughed, the breezy, careless laugh that again put new spirit into his men.

"Captain Josephine is still our luck, Aaron," he cried.

"Ay, ay, sir. Naught goes wrong with Mistress Josephine on board."

Monsieur Blanc had remained an impassive spectator of the scene, until the flying bullet had grazed Josephine's arm; it was while he was binding this with his handkerchief—taking an unnecessary time about it, as the way of a man with a pretty maid is—that he overheard Nick's reference to "Captain Josephine." His eyes, soft now and full of a curious light, rested on the girl.

"What does he mean by speaking of 'Captain Josephine?'" he asked, using passable English now, though it was clearly a language he disliked.

"Oh, that is nothing," laughed the girl, not scared at all by her flesh-wound, but rather looking on it as a frolic. "I sail often on the *Thyra*, and they call me 'Captain,' just in jest."

"But, Josephine! is that your name?"

"Why, yes—it is not pretty, is it, as some names are?"

Monsieur Blanc laid one hand on her arm, and his eyes were eloquent. "It is the prettiest name in the world to me," he said. "It is my wife's name, ma'mselle, and it seems strange to hear it now on English lips. Oh, yes," he added, speaking his thoughts aloud, so it seemed, rather than addressing the girl at his side. "Oh, yes, they say—all Europe says—that my wife and I do not

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Monsieur Blanc was binding Josephine's arm with his handkerchief.

far away in France, and I—I am a captive of the English."

"Yet you nearly went back to your own people," said Josephine, with a glance at the sinking man-of-war, now far astern of them.

"*Nearly*—true, ma'mselle. A soothsayer told me once that *nearly* would be my guiding word in life, and I begin to think that she was right. You English—it is you who have no 'nearlies.' This Sir Nicholas of the little ship here—what chance had he against my man-of-war? None at all, you would have said—yet he rushes in like a fool—and, *Dieu*, the thing is done, and he sets sail for England the accursed."

"Look, monsieur!" put in the girl. "Three more of your ships are coming to your aid."

He followed the direction of her finger, and the three men-of-war which Aaron had first seen through his glass were clear now to the naked eye. Monsieur Blanc gave a cry of relief, then looked towards the south, and once again he shrugged his shoulders.

"As I said, ma'mselle," he muttered, "it is always *nearly*. Your English ships are coming, too, and I do not think my three brave vessels will master them."

It was for these four English ships that the *Thyra* was sailing for the moment, and soon she was within hailing-distance of the foremost.

agree. They lie—they lie, I say—for she is more to me than ambition."

Josephine looked in bewilderment at this self-contained and personable man who had yielded so suddenly to sentiment; he caught the glance, shrugged his shoulders with the action already familiar to her, and smiled in grave apology.

"I forgot," he said, simply. "My wife is

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"It is done," said Monsieur Blanc. "These English of yours—they are the demons."

Light as the words were, and easy the man's smile, Josephine could read the anxiety and trouble on his face; and from that moment she resolved to set him free as soon as opportunity occurred.

The little *Thyra*, in the meantime, had answered the queries of the English warships to good purpose, and had slipped in among them as if her natural place were among leviathans, instead of among sheltered coves too shallow to admit a man-of-war.

"There's going to be a fight, Aaron," cried Sir Nicholas, in high glee.

"There is, sir—but what will three poor Froggies do with five of us against them?"

Nick slapped him on the back. "Good for you, Aaron! *Five of us*, says he! As if the *Thyra* were a man-of-war herself."

"We've struck one, sir, already, whichever way you look at it," said Aaron, proud of his ship.

Sir Nicholas nodded, and then, for the first time, after the hurry and hazard of the recent battle, he found time to look for Josephine and to see the kerchief bound about her arm. He crossed the deck and took her aside, jealously, lest Monsieur Blanc should overhear his words.

"You're hurt, dear," he said.

"Not a bit! It was just a stray bullet that touched me as it passed."

Nick Vyse, hot for action as he had been a moment since, grew vastly cold upon the sudden. He was picturing what would have been his feelings now if that stray bullet had turned a few inches from its path; he was thinking that neither battle nor the joy of drubbing Frenchmen could atone to him for the loss of this slim girl. His mind was made up at once, and when old Aaron heard the curt command to make all sail for England he rapped out an oath.

"The fun is only just beginning, Sir Nicholas," he grumbled.

"True—but we are not going to watch it, Aaron. Remember I am running a valuable cargo."

With a bad grace the sailors obeyed Nick's orders. The English ships, too busy manœuvring for the coming fight to heed the doing of their small sister, were already moving quickly towards the three French men-of-war, and the *Thyra* slipped easily away, with the open sea before her, and, far off among the haze, the coast of Thanet waiting for her coming.

"That is not like Sir Nicholas," said Monsieur Blanc, as he saw the *Thyra* slipping from the fight.

"Not like him at all," said Josephine, a little frown across her brows.

The stranger looked at her, then smiled with sudden understanding. "But yes," he murmured; "it is like him, after all. All brave men are cowards when they have a woman's safety in their keeping—and I think, ma'mselle, that, like myself, he would count any loss a gain if it insured the safety of—a Josephine."

The frown cleared from the girl's brow; it was so clear, now that the stranger had explained it, how much her lover cared for her, how much he was willing to sacrifice for her. Moreover, it was clear that this same stranger was a friend indeed, if he could make her sure that she was all in all to Nick. Surer than ever she grew that Monsieur Blanc must soon be rescued, and at this moment she felt quite capable of freeing him without appeal to Nick.

"Wait, monsieur," she said softly. "You shall have your liberty."

"If Fate wills—yes. Fate is strong ma'mselle, and it prevails. Yet surely I shall get back to France! Listen—you who have bright eyes and a kind face. Do you guess nothing—does Sir Nicholas guess nothing—of my real name?"

Again, she looked at him, that haunting sense of familiarity returned to her. He had talked, too, of "all Europe," a Europe that had gossiped of his relations towards his wife; and this surely argued that he was a Personage.

"I guess nothing," she murmured.

"Well, child, I am Napoleon—oh, but I thought you seemed to know me," he added, his big, insatiable vanity showing itself with charming *naïveté*, as Josephine first started, then nodded gravely.

"I ought to have known at once," she said.

The *Thyra*, all this time, was scudding fast towards England, and astern of them was the roar of gunshots, the grey-white of powder-smoke, as the three French ships fought out their losing battles with the English men-of-war. Monsieur Blanc—as a favour he had asked still to keep his adopted name—talked on and on; for Josephine was a ready listener, and Napoleon was not so poor a leader of men as to be ignorant of the commonplace that women hold the tiller when the ships of life go sailing across the main.

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He told her of his hopes, his plans, and the girl forgot that she was English, and remembered only that by brute force this man had been snatched from fulfilment of his destiny. He told her these things and watched her face, and told himself that this girl would find or make some way of escape for him.

Monsieur Blanc was still talking when the *Thyra*, after an unadventurous run, put into the bay that lay under Nick Vyse's house. Nick, for his part, had kept aloof from his prisoner; the nearer he approached the English shore, the less he relished this sort of smuggling venture; and when he bowed his guest ashore, had said good-bye to Josephine, and had escorted Monsieur Blanc to his own house, he felt no satisfaction in the issue of his venture.

For Nick, in the course of his many trips to France, before and since the war broke out, had twice seen the "Little Corporal," and before their present voyage was half over he had recognised his prisoner. Monsieur Blanc was the pink of courtesy. Perhaps his faith in destiny, particularly in his own high destiny, helped him to a philosophic outlook on a situation which had grave elements of danger in it; at any rate, he laughed and chatted as Nick and he sat down to a well-cooked meal and sipped their wine.

It was Sir Nicholas who was ill-at-ease; for the sporting instinct was strong in him at all times, and it seemed plain that he had done a shabby trick.

"I wish to make an explanation, sir," he said at last.

"A thousand, *mon ami*, though I need none, I assure you. I am captured by the enemy; I shall escape; *parbleu*, is it not simple? And meanwhile your wine is all that is of the best."

"You will escape—yes," Nick answered slowly; "for I shall help you. When I undertook this mission, I thought you were a spy, a traitor to my country. I find instead that you are an honourable gentleman, fighting pluckily for your own country. You will not win, sir, in the long run—but you shall try; and the ship that brought you here is at your service, now or to-morrow."

Monsieur Blanc looked keenly at his host, and a smile, half friendly, half amused, played in and out about the corners of his mouth.

"Yet they say, sir, that you English have no natural grace. I have learned much from the voyage-of-health you have given me, and you are generous."

And so it happened that, an hour later, Nick went down into the village and knocked at the door of old Aaron, the skipper of the *Thyra*. He wished to give orders that the *Thyra* should hold herself in readiness to catch the turn of the wind, but Aaron was not within doors.

Neither was any member of *Thyra's* crew, and Nick wandered down to the harbour in hopes of finding one or two of his men at the "Admiral Nelson" tavern. At the tavern he heard that they were all on board the *Thyra* with orders to sail at any moment, and Nick Vyse, puzzled to account for this obeying of an order before it had been given, stepped into a boat, and was rowed across to his ship.

"What foolery is this, Aaron?" he demanded, soon as his feet were on the deck.

"Captain Josephine's orders, sir. You know there's not one of us can resist her when she asks a thing"—this with a sly glance at Sir Nicholas—"and when she came to me an hour ago and asked to have the *Thyra* at her disposal to-night—well, sir, I just said 'yes,' and risked the consequences."

Sir Nicholas, deep enough in love to take all for granted that Josephine chose to do, laughed his spleen away.

"Quite right," he said. "Captain Josephine's orders take precedence of mine at all times. The next thing to ask, Aaron, is—what is the *Thyra* wanted for?"

"Shiver me if I know, Sir Nicholas. Perhaps the lady wants to run a little cargo on her own account."

Nick Vyse, puzzled still, returned to his house above the cliff, entered the room where he had entertained his guest, and found Josephine herself there, seated by the hearth as naturally as if she were paying an evening call under charge of her duenna. Monsieur Blanc, with his bright eyes, his big nose, his chin that spoke so plainly of courage and self-will, was quite evidently amused.

"Ah, monsieur," he cried, when Nick showed himself at the door, "you are forestalled in generosity. Ma'mselle here comes while you are absent; she has watched you go down the little path by the cliffs, and she comes to set me free; she has a ship all ready for me, so it seems, and she is *désolée* quite when I tell her that you have already promised me safe-conduct back to France."

"Pardon, monsieur," put in Josephine, in her pretty French; "I am glad that Sir

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Nicholas meant to set you free. It was only that I wished to have the credit of giving back a man so brave to his own country."

"Deuce take it," muttered Nick, with a laugh, "I seem to play a poor part through all this escapade."

"Not so, my friend, for you have talked with Napoleon," said the Frenchman, with the sublime self-glory which was destined soon to carry him to victory, empire, and—to St. Helena.

"True," assented the other gravely—"and I have given him wine brought from his own France, without any intervention from the English. Before we part, monsieur, let us drink in this same wine to—what shall our toast be?"

"To England and to France," said Monsieur Blanc. "The guns will bellow presently—meanwhile, for the moment, there is peace. To England, Sir Nicholas—to England and to France!"

A half-hour later he was on board the *Thyra;* the wind, as if knowing his quality, had shifted half round the compass, and soon as Josephine and Sir Nicholas had bidden him farewell the sails, straining at their ropes till now, began to curtsey to the wind.

Not till two days afterwards did Nick write a second note to the Person near the Throne.

"Dear George," it ran, "I captured your man in the grey cloak, and housed him safely here. Regret to say that he escaped while I was out duck-shooting. You know my passion for a gun. If at any time I can risk the journey again and capture him, you may command me."

The ink was scarcely dry on the paper when Josephine came in, her face alight with excitement and a copy of the *London Gazette* in her hand.

"See what we did two days ago," she cried.

Nick read the account of a great encounter between four French ships of battle—one of which was already sinking with gun shots through her at the water-line—and four English men-of-war. All four of the French ships were sent to the bottom, and the moral influence of such a victory at a critical juncture, said the *Gazette*, was not to be overrated.

"Yet it makes no mention of the *Thyra*," laughed Sir Nicholas, "and it was she who did most of the work."

"Perhaps," said Josephine—"but the *Thyra* never courted notice, did she?"

Nick read the account of a great encounter between four French ships of battle and four English men-of-war.

Google

THE MUSICAL HOME

We are a happy family,
We are, we are, we are,
For mother plays the mandoline,
And daddy the guitar.
Although the landlord is not nice
And tries to raise the rent,
You will not find such melody
From John o' Groats to Kent.

We are a happy family,
Although we make a din;
Jemima plays the double bass,
And I the violin.
The neighbours don't appreciate
Our most undoubted skill—
They often send a message,
To ask if we are ill.

We are a happy family,
We keep no "blues" about;
And when our object's harmony
You cannot tumble out.
The baby plays the trumpet hard
From early dawn till late,
And dogs and cats in ecstasies
Besiege the garden gate.

We are a happy family,
We are, we are, we are,
With mother's mirthful mandoline
And daddy's gay guitar.
But, oh! we'd be more happy yet,
Without the slightest doubt,
If someone took these instruments
And popped them up the spout.

T. Hay.

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This form of dress—rather like that adopted in ancient Greece—is surely more graceful than—

What To Wear and When To Wear It

A Plea for Common-sense in Dress.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

What a prominent part clothes play in our lives! The cut of a coat has decided a man's career, a draggled dress ruined a girl's matrimonial prospects. Life must have been infinitely simpler in the days when summer attire consisted of a few trimmings, and when in winter one simply adapted the skins of wild animals to the personal requirements! Eve multiplied the afflictions while increasing the interests of her sex when she pined for a garb of fig leaves. I confess it with shame—my own very earliest recollections are connected with dress. Very long ago, before the days of emancipated womanhood, I made a desperate effort to pioneer the epoch of rational dress, and its sequel was in this wise.

My one and only brother had arrived at the dignity of two and a bit; knickerbockers and pockets were to take the place of girlish petticoats. Alas! a kind but injudicious hostess, and a surfeit of good things at a juvenile party, rendered the small boy sick unto death, and the malady was aggravated by the idea that was firmly implanted in his small mind that death would claim him for his own before he could be promoted to the dignity of manly garments!

Whereat my baby heart, which had hitherto been hot with indignation that I was still to be hampered with frocks and frills, by way of consolation, shamelessly suggested that his demise would be my gain. His clothes would be mine!

The "all-wool" costume, invented by Dr. Jaeger, that enables "all-wool" enthusiasts to look like other people.

—this, the tight-laced evening dress that we must wear to-day in order to be in the fashion.

Clothing is a wide subject; a button alone suggests ideas that would fill a volume, while as to collars and hats, boots, shoes—the discussions which each and all invite are too numerous to more than touch upon.

Firstly, I will treat of clothing from a health point of view, and afterwards speak of the general influence of clothing on the character. I am not afraid that my male readers will cease at this point from a further study of this article, but I can imagine my girl friends throwing down the magazine in disgust and exclaiming:

"I know what your hygienic clothes are like; square-toed boots, shapeless garments, nondescript hats, and material worn next the skin to compare with which a hairshirt would be as soft as silk!"

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Nonsense, my dear girls! It is possible to be as trim and as dainty in hygienic garments as in unhygienic ones, and ten times more beautiful, for anything that causes

A lace blouse and a long skirt are very nice and very pretty, but for the conditions of modern life they are unhealthy, if not actually dangerous. In winter, too, even if it comes in June, an exposed chest is an open invitation to all sorts of maladies

discomfort or injures the health in any way detracts very considerably from the personal appearance. The old-fashioned idea that it was necessary to mortify the flesh to be healthy has long ago exploded.

Oh, the misery of "clean clothes day" in my childhood, when, in order to protect a delicate chest and stimulate a feeble circulation, I was arrayed all in the coarsest and oiliest of flannel vests and the scrubbiest of stockings! Clean clothes invariably ended in most of the day being spent ignominiously in a corner expiating the crimes that my exterior discomfort induced me to commit. It was an epoch in my life when I discovered that stockings and vests could on occasion prove fine and soft.

There are endless discussions at the present day as to the relative merits of wool, silk, and linen. The all-wool votaries are apt to carry their hobby to such an extent that I verily believe they would die of rheumatic fever if they discovered one stitch of cotton about their persons. They are not content unless the linings of their hats, boots, and shoes are of wool, and they like to have their buttons sewn on with woollen yarn, while a dejected neutral-tinted bit of stockinette does limp duty as a collar.

Nowadays, thanks to Dr. Jaeger, it is not necessary to look a freak in order to be an all-wool person. To such a point of perfection has the fabric been brought that it is possible to indulge in this particular fancy and yet look like other people. Certainly, all-wool has a great deal to be said in its favour. And yet, all-linen people are equally strong in their arguments, and so are the patrons of cellular garments.

Pure silk, too, has its ardent votaries. There is nothing more delicious and more soothing to the skin and nerves than this beautiful material. Unfortunately, silk is costly and beyond the means of all but the wealthiest. There is something to be said for the advocates of all these clothing crazes. Personally, I prefer a mixture of all three systems, and would emphatically urge that a fine wool or silk and wool garment should be worn next the skin by all men and women, and silk or wool socks or stockings. After this has been done, individual taste should be consulted and the style and material selected that best meets the requirements of each person's needs.

There is a why and a wherefore for everything, and the

Do not, however, in avoiding colds, run to extremes. Too many wraps simply make the throat and chest delicate.

A top hat and frock coat are not exactly beautiful, but they give a man an air of dignity.

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Two strange forms of dress: the white-robed gentleman is dressed in asbestos as a protection from fire; his companion is either too poor to buy new clothes, or else believes in efficient ventilation.

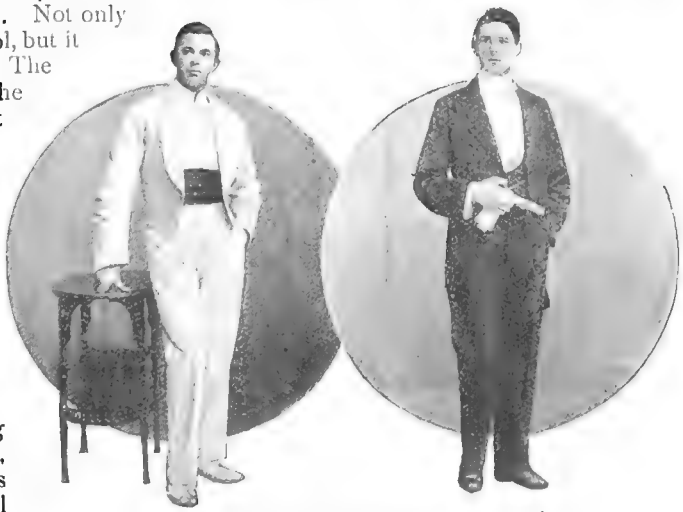
reason why wool or silk should be worn next the skin is as follows: The skin is constantly discharging invisible vapour. Excessive heat or exertion causes this to become increased and the vapour condenses and takes the form of perspiration. Wool absorbs the moisture without allowing the warmth of the body to escape.

This is on the principle of the teapot and the cosy; the cosy does not warm the teapot, but it prevents the heat that is already there from escaping. If the heat of the body is lowered the vitality is lowered too, and the health sooner or later affected. Not only should the garment be of wool, but it should be loosely woven. The more air that is inclosed in the meshes, the warmer the garment will be. Therefore, two thin garments are warmer than one very thick garment on account of the layer of air that lies between.

Hygienic clothing should be warm and at the same time light; weight only induces fatigue. Both men and women must strenuously avoid anything tight in the shape of collars, ties, waistbands; armholes should be loose likewise. All who are subject to internal chills or are exposed much to the elements or sudden changes of temperature should wear a finely-woven cholera belt. Stockings and socks should be changed daily, and, indeed, it is as well to have two complete changes of underclothing in use at once and to wear them on alternate days, airing the set not in use meantime; in this way endless colds will be avoided.

It is useless to waste words on the much-discussed corset. Modern dress makes its use almost imperative. The girl who persistently does the exercises which have been given from time to time in the ROYAL will find she needs little or no support for her figure. By perseverance it is possible to obtain the trimmest of waists — a waist that appears small while, in reality, measuring a good twenty-four inches. The merest apology for a corset should, therefore, be worn to prevent the skirts from painfully dragging, and at night a modification of the flowing draperies of ancient Greece. These are infinitely more graceful and healthful than the modern tight, frilly garments affected by the average girl.

The girl who would be healthy and well dressed (and by well dressed understand appropriately dressed on every occasion) will never trail about in lace blouses and long



The all-linen mess suit is surely more healthy and more comfortable than the hideous evening dress of to-day.

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skirts in and out of omnibuses. For she will realise that an impaired digestion, red nose, and damaged complexion will be hers if she sits with a wet hem clinging miserably round her ankles, and, a long skirt, too, absolutely revels in germ and dust collecting, and is apt thereby to present the unwary wearer with some more or less deadly disease. She will not wear an open-work low-necked blouse in winter, in conjunction with a short fur coat, any more than she would wear a thick tweed dress and chiffon coat in summer. High heels will be an abomination to her; her shoes will be of medium thickness and well made. She will wear a short skirt for work-a-day purposes and cover up her chest in winter, though she must not muffle up her throat after the manner affected by her men friends if they happen to sneeze.

Herein lies the difference between men and women—a girl does not, as a rule, wrap up enough; a man wraps up too much. Strike a happy medium; the chest should invariably be protected, the throat, on the contrary, benefits by exposure. A girls' hat should be light and well ventilated; crinoline straw is most hygienic and very becoming as well. Masculine headgear leaves much to be desired, but the reformation lies in the hand of man alone. Indeed, hats could be entirely dispensed with, except in the hottest weather.

White clothing is the healthiest in every respect; not only does the absence of dye make it invaluable, but it is cool in summer, warm in winter, and does not carry contagion as coloured garments are apt to do.

The forerunner of the modern "bounder"—the swashbuckler of 300 years ago.

A motorist's costume is always equal to converting a mouse into a lion.

A wet weather costume—quiet and rational, with nothing that will be the worse for a little rain.

Modern man is not a picturesque object—with all due deference to the lords of creation; every time I set eyes on a man in modern evening dress, and gaze on that hideous and unhygienic expanse of shirt front, that hideous coat, I wonder that men have ever power to charm. I never can understand how it is they don't begin handing things about—as well might a woman affect muslin cap and apron for dinner wear—whereas the costume of a Monsieur Beaucaire would lend dignity to the least dignified of figures. For the effect of clothes on the personality is great. It is impossible to be self-respecting in down-trodden boots. Rags, picturesque as they undoubtedly are, make success an impossibility. Strive always to adapt your dress to the requirements of the moment.

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THE BAKER'S LANE TRAM.

How T. Nolan, Jun., Held the Right of Way.

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne.

Down Baker's Lane the Consolidated Traction Company ran one tramcar a day, and the car a day made a trip a day—that was all. It was a horse-car of an old-fashioned make. The lines were worn and rusty. It had lain practically unused for years. The car was as old as the lines, the horse as old as the car, and Donnelly, the driver, was the oldest of them all.

Baker's Lane, by its unkempt appearance, was called "the backyard of all creation." Although at one time it bore the traffic of a prosperous business neighbourhood, it had become practically a cipher in the great city. Large buildings had been erected in the thoroughfares on either hand in recent years, and Baker's Lane was their kitchen door, so to speak. It ran from the river, on one side of the city, over to the other side, and then on —nowhere—anywhere. Nobody knew and nobody cared where it ran.

The car ran from the rear end of the Consolidated Traction Company's stables about two miles through the lane to an old ramshackle shed at the other end of the rusty lines.

The people in Baker's Lane understood it. They knew that the car was run merely to prevent the forfeiture of the company's right of way—simply to hold the franchise. But strangers did not know this. Old people constantly appealed to the policeman at the corner, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the receding Baker's Lane tramcar, to inquire how soon the next car would be coming along. The policeman knew and he always told; and, as he told, he smiled.

"About this time to-morrow, sir, or thereabouts," he would say. "No, sir! Yes, sir! Well, you see"—and so on, the same old story. And the denizens of Baker's Lane having crowded up to hear him say it, would grin to themselves, turn on their heels, and go about their business. The Baker's Lane conveyance, though intended for passengers, seldom carried any. You could get in it if you so desired, and, if you did you would pay your fare; and if you did you would never get in it again, for that two-mile trip was sometimes half a day's journey for Donnelly, the driver. Frequently he started from the old shed at his end of the route at seven o'clock in the morning and returned at seven in the evening, or even later. His difficulty was with the vans—if he was blocked by one, he was blocked by fifty. Vans were the bane of Baker's Lane.

Meanwhile the Consolidated Traction Company, which, with its rival, the Union Street Electric Company, gridironed the town with its tram lines—the Consolidated forgot old Donnelly, and the Baker's Lane tramcar, and the Baker's Lane track. They didn't count, that was all.

But to T. Nolan, jun., it was quite a different matter. They were of the utmost importance to him—had been all his life, as far back as he could remember. T. Nolan, jun., was an atom of the aggregation that existed at the other end of the line. He was born and brought up next door to the old ramshackle shed, and every morning he watched Donnelly go out, and every evening welcomed him on his return. T. Nolan, jun., envied him in secret. He imagined that some day he might get a job like that.

For years he had to be content with imagining. Finally, however, he wormed himself into old Donnelly's good graces, and often actually made the trip. That was worth while.

T. Nolan, jun., was made up principally of bones and freckles. When you glanced at him carelessly, it was difficult to determine

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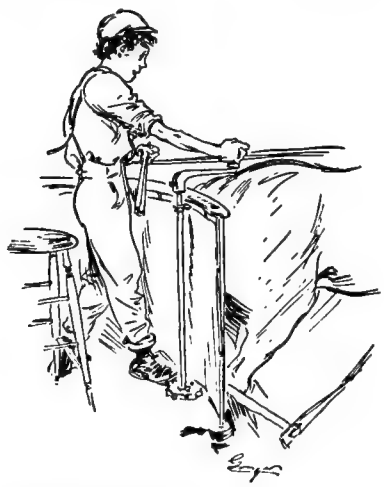
whether his face was white, with large spots of brown upon it, or whether it was brown, with occasional spots of white. What wasn't freckles in his make-up was principally feet—and even they were freckled, too. He was popular in the neighbourhood, by reason of the fact that he was double-jointed. Secretly, that fact worried him considerably, for he didn't believe that Providence would make a fellow double-jointed, and, in addition, give him a job as a driver of a tramcar. It was too much good luck, he considered, and he would have preferred to sacrifice the joints.

To T. Nolan, jun., all time—and, perhaps, eternity—was divided into two periods—the first while he was on the tramcar, the second, when he wasn't.

At first, he contented himself with ringing up imaginary fares inside for amusement, but later he acquired the inestimable privilege of handling the reins during the long waits consequent upon the immovability of some unloading vehicle in front. On such occasions he would lean far out over the dashboard, the reins in hand, squaring his lank, lean elbows in the most approved fashion, holding in with muscular tenseness the fiery steed, whose nose was meekly pressed against the van in front, and whose hindquarters brushed against the car behind.



He twisted on the brakes, and then released them with a suddenness that all but knocked him into the middle of next week.

To make his efforts all the more effectual and realistic, he twisted on the brakes, and then released them with a suddenness that all but knocked him into the middle of next week. Every time he did it he concluded more and more that it was just the sort of thing for him.

"I say, this old car's dirty," he remarked one day to Donnelly, as they pulled into the stables. "I'll have to tidy it up, somehow," he continued.

He hunted about until he got hold of some old hose. This he attached, surreptitiously, to a hydrant, and swashed the old car, inside and out. He got a piece of cotton waste, washed the windows, and wiped them dry.

"Looks like a different piece o' furniture now," he remarked to himself. The foreman saw him at it and came over.

"What are you doing, kid?" he asked. T. Nolan, jun., explained, and kept on at his work. He trembled, for he expected to be chucked into the street. The foreman looked him over. Then he looked at the car.

"Look here, young man," he exclaimed, after the inspection, "want a job?"

T. Nolan, jun., jumped about three feet into the air—at least, he thought he did. "Where is it?" he demanded, as he finished his last window and threw down the waste. He soon found out. Someone—a cleaner—had been sacked, and T. Nolan, jun., took his place. He had to sweep and wash out cars and do odd jobs. The wages for such work were ten shillings a week. The foreman compromised by giving T. Nolan, jun., seven and six, and kept the other half-crown himself. He felt especially qualified to put it where it would do most good. But T. Nolan, jun., didn't care. He had a job, that was the main thing.

So he cleaned cars, but the car that got the best of the arrangement was the old Baker's Lane affair. Now, T. Nolan, jun, thought that it was much handier for him to ride to business than to walk, so he routed out old Donnelly early in the mornings, got ready the car for him and started it off before the heavy delivery waggons had begun to obstruct the street. The old car went careering along as it never had before.

Half the time the old man sat inside, and T. Nolan, jun., held the reins. On those occasions, he flattered himself, he made some record runs. As time went on, the old horse, under T. Nolan, jun.'s, grooming, began to look young again, and the car looked fresher than ever before. But old Donnelly kept growing older all the time.

One morning, early, somebody tapped on T. Nolan, jun.'s, window pane. He got up, rubbed his eyes, and looked out. A small boy stood outside.

"Say," he exclaimed excitedly, "you know the man wot drives the Baker's Lane tram, an' lives at our place?"

T. Nolan, jun., nodded.

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"Well," the urchin went on, "he died last night." He stopped and thought for a minute. "And, I say, you'll have to run the old car in this morning. Wouldn't I like to be you! Wot O!"

Later in the morning Nolan approached the foreman at the stables.

"Donnelly's dead, sir," he said. "He died last night." Then he stood still and waited.

"Dead, eh?" returned the foreman, rubbing his chin. "Well, who's goin' to run that old car *now*, I wonder? What did he want to go and die for, I wonder?" He kept on rubbing his chin. "Say, look here, Nolan, you've been comin' down on the car every mornin'. Suppose you try your hand at it. Should think by this time you can run it. What d'ye say to that?"

"What are you doing, kid?' the foreman asked.

T. Nolan, jun., kept his eyes on the ground. He didn't want the man to see them—they were twinkling a bit too much, he thought. His heart went pit-a-pat against his ribs. Finally, he looked up doubtfully.

"What's the wages, sir?" he inquired tentatively.

"Oh, I d'no," returned the man; "we'll give you same 's we paid Donnelly—fifteen shillings a week." Donnelly had been receiving a sovereign. T. Nolan, jun., shook his head.

"Well, I'll do it, sir," he reluctantly responded, "but I don't much like it. There isn't much chance for getting on, that's all."

"Well," replied the foreman, "you take the job now, and afterwards—we'll see."

T. Nolan, jun., did so. He wouldn't have missed it for a good deal; but it was just as well not to let the foreman know that fact.

Now all these years T. Nolan, jun., had kept his eye on Baker's Lane. He saw a few things that others did not. He noted, in the mornings, as he drove to work with Donnelly, that hordes of people tramped down Baker's Lane afoot on their way to work. He perceived that many of them entered the back doors of the large buildings that faced on the adjacent thoroughfares and showed their backs to Baker's Lane.

He saw that, in the evening, these same people poured by hundreds out of the big buildings into Baker's Lane, bound for home again, and that a fair proportion of them walked the entire length of the old, rusty track. He stored these facts in his mind for future use, and took the late Donnelly's place.

On the following Monday morning T. Nolan, jun., treated Baker's Lane to a surprise. At the regular time, on that day, he emerged from the shed and started the car down the street. All who saw turned and stood still, and wondered at the sight.

It was the same old bob-tailed car, the same old horse, and the same T. Nolan, jun., but there was a mighty difference in the appearance of all three.

The horse was fed and groomed to within an inch of his life—Nolan had taken care of that. The harness, wherever it had buckles, shone resplendently; wherever it did not, it was black as ebony. T. Nolan, jun., was arrayed in his Sunday clothes, with a nosegay in his buttonhole. His hair was cut as short as it was possible to cut it. For the first time, probably, in his existence, his sleeves were not rolled to the elbow, and he leaned over the dashboard with an air of unusual importance.

But the crowd never looked at the horse or at T. Nolan, jun. What it gazed at, open-mouthed, was the car. It was painted a bright green—green all over. It was not a beautiful shade of green—T. Nolan, jun., realised that himself—but, as a means of attracting attention, it served its purpose. T. Nolan, jun., had counted on that. The crowd looked at the green car, and cheered and "haw-hawed" until it was hoarse.

When the people became accustomed to the gaudy colour they cooled down somewhat and read the inscriptions, which filled

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the spaces over and beneath the windows and on the rear dashboard. Over the windows, in bright yellow letters, appeared the following words, as usual:—

CONSOLIDATED TRACTION COMPANY.

Lower, underneath the windows, the crowd read on one side:

T. NOLAN, JUN.'S,
BAKER'S LANE BRANCH;
THE ONLY
HORSE CAR IN BAKER'S LANE!

On the corresponding panel on the other side he had placed the following announcement:

THIS CAR IS RUN
TO HOLD THE COMPANY'S RIGHT OF WAY;
STEP IN AND HELP
TO HOLD IT
FOR TWOPENCE!

By way of reassurance to his passengers, especially those familiar with the route, he had painted on the tail-board this inscription:

NEVER BLOCKED BY VANS
UPON THE LINES.
WE JUMP
OVER THEM AND GO
ROUND THEM.
WE
ARRIVE, ANYHOW.

"I say, you'll have to run the old car in this morning."

The crowd, composed of men bound for work, stood for a moment in silent astonishment, and then crowded into the car, cheering as they went.

Thus T. Nolan, jun., started his career. The commencement of some great enterprises is attended with much ceremony. But the opening of the Baker's Lane line was accompanied only with a loud snap of a whip, a vigorous pull on the pair of reins, and the utterance of but one word. That word was "Git!"

"Git!" exclaimed T. Nolan, jun., to the horse.

"Git!" yelled the crowd.

Somebody timed him. He made the two miles in thirteen minutes—the record run for the old horse and the car. All the way down Baker's Lane the crowd took up the hue and cry, and hailed with cheers the crowded car as it sped on. Heads were thrust from windows; people blocked the doorways.

It was an auspicious start for T. Nolan, jun.'s, Baker's Lane line. That night he took the same crowd back, and every day he presented his fares at the cashier's window in the regular way. Thereafter, instead of making one trip a day, the green car made fifteen. After the first day the fame thereof had spread throughout the city, and people lined the thoroughfare day after day to see it go by.

He didn't let the popular interest flag. He kept posting on the outside of the car seductive little placards, which he prepared with great care overnight. For one week he exhibited, in the evening, the following sign:

SUPPER'S WAITING FOR YOU!
SMELT IT
ON THE LAST TRIP!
HOME IN THIRTEEN MINUTES
BY THE GREEN CAR.

In the morning he hung this out:

OUT LATE LAST NIGHT?
TAKE A THIRTEEN MINUTES'
SNOOZE ON THE
BAKER'S LANE LINE.
WE WAKE YOU
WHEN
YOU GET THERE.

On the morning after the extraordinary appearance of the green car the foreman stood in the office of the manager.

"Well, Cassidy," exclaimed the latter, "what's the matter now?"

Cassidy took a step forward.

"It's the Baker's Lane line, sir. The driver's raisin' thunder."

The manager raised his eyebrows and leaned back in his chair.

"Raising thunder, is he? Why don't you discharge him, then?"

Cassidy shook his head.

"Excuse me, sir, but you told me to see you before firin' the men. I want you to fire him, that's what I want."

The manager uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"What are you telling me, Cassidy?" he retorted. "Old Donnelly runs the Baker Lane car. You don't mean to say that he's kicked over the traces, do you?"

"No, sir," returned Cassidy. "I don't. Poor Donnelly's dead, sir. There's a new man

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on — young Nolan, sir; that's the fellow."

The manager shook his head.

"Young Nolan?" he said; "never heard of him. Who put him on, eh? You didn't come to me about that, Cassidy."

Cassidy, having in mind the tithe which he collected out of Nolan's weekly wages, hastened to explain just how it came about.

"Well, sir," he replied apologetically, "he's nothing but a kid, sir—about like that." He pointed to a sixteen-year-old boy who was copying letters at a press in an adjoining room. "I put him on. He'd worked about the place, an' I thought he was all right, sir. But now it's got to be too much of a good thing. Did you see this, sir?"

"What do you think of that?"

He produced from the left-hand pocket of his trousers the morning's issue of a local daily paper. It contained a full account of T. Nolan, jun.'s, escapade. The manager had not seen it, although another copy of the same paper lay folded on his desk. He gingerly returned Cassidy's to him, and perused his own. As he read, he smiled. When he had finished, he swung round in his chair, glanced out of the window, and thought for a minute or two. Then he swung round toward Cassidy again, and said:

"I'll attend to this, Cassidy; I'll take care of it myself. I'll take a look at Baker's Lane during the luncheon hour. You wait till you hear from me—understand?"

Cassidy nodded and departed. When he was gone, the manager glanced at the paper once more, and laughed aloud.

"Not a bad 'ad' for the Consolidated, after all," he said to himself. "I say, Ainsworth," he called into the next room, "come here; look there. What do you think of that?"

A week later, Cassidy was back. In the meantime he had heard nothing. The manager was busy, but, nevertheless, he beckoned to the foreman.

"Well," he asked again, "what's up now, Cassidy?"

Cassidy frowned.

"It's young Nolan again, sir, an' that Baker's Lane tramcar he's runnin'. He's gone and took another car; says he's runnin' the Baker's Lane branch, an' has a right to. He just went and took it, that's all. I want to know what to do about it."

T. Nolan, jun., had, indeed, routed out another car and another horse, and put his brother on to drive. They had as much traffic as they could handle. It wasn't much, after all, but it was enough—enough to keep their two old conveyances busy from morning until night. In the long years while the old lines had lain resting and rusting, the world had moved, and Baker's Lane was just beginning to move with it. T. Nolan, jun., had found it out—that's all.

On the present occasion the manager looked at Cassidy from the corner of his eye—the ghost of a smile playing upon his features.

"Yes, Cassidy," he returned blandly; "well, what else?"

"What else?" gasped Cassidy; "why, sir, he's got no right——"

"Cassidy," interrupted the other, "what you're to see to is that the Baker's Lane right of way is held. That's your business, among other things. Now, *is* it being held? Does one car make one trip a day, according to orders? That's what I want to know."

"One trip!" exclaimed Cassidy. "It makes a dozen, sir!"

The other man shook his head.

"Does it make *one*, Cassidy?" he asked.

Cassidy stared at him a moment, and then said:

"It does, sir."

"Very well, then," returned the manager, "that's all you care about it. You go back to where you belong, and keep your system in order, and take good care of yourself, and see that at least one car is run at least once a day upon the Baker's Lane track. That is all you've got to do. Good morning."

That finished Cassidy.

"But there ain't," remarked T. Nolan, jun., to his brother one night, "there ain't any Saturday afternoon traffic. We're losin' half a day's receipts. We've got to alter that, somehow."

They did. All the following week the two

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cars of the green line bore placards announcing Saturday afternoon excursions for children. Baker's Lane was full to overflowing with Baker's Lane families. The children would be carried at twopence a head, the round trip out and back. Each car made three full trips, each time emptying and coming back for more.

Six tram-loads of children went out early every Saturday afternoon, and returned every Saturday evening in time for supper. All the mothers in Baker's Lane could send their offspring for an afternoon's outing in charge of T. Nolan, jun., at a maximum expenditure of just twopence a head. What T. Nolan, jun., did with the youngsters when they reached t he other end of the line—why, they found out when they reached there.

One Saturday he forced into service still another car. It took its station near where Main Street crossed Baker's Lane. Behind this car were the two others, loaded with youthful excursionists. They were waiting for the word to start. But T. Nolan, jun., in the special, was not ready to give it. He was waiting, too—waiting with his gaze fixed upon the door of a high-toned restaurant some distance off. Finally, he sprang from the platform to the street. Three men had come out. T. Nolan, jun., knew that they would cross his path.

Outside the room where T. Nolan, jun., sits is this brief inscription: "T. Nolan, jun., Superintendent."

One of them was the Consolidated's manager. The three caught sight of the loaded cars and the children, and chuckled with laughter. T. Nolan, jun., had become a respectable joke about town. He stepped before them and pointed to his special.

"Gents," he suggested politely, "will you go over the route? 'Twon't take long."

The men looked at each other significantly, and then at T. Nolan, jun.

"We'll go," they said unanimously, and stepped into the car.

"Ready!" exclaimed T. Nolan, jun., clanging the bell with the air of a man conducting a successful enterprise, and the cavalcade began to move.

At the end of ten minutes it halted.

"Where on earth are we now?" inquired one of the men inside.

T. Nolan, jun., stuck his head into the car.

"Gents," he inquired, "are you goin' any further, or will you get off here?"

The men looked out. They had reached the end of the line.

"Why," inquired the manager, "you don't go any further, do you?"

"The line don't, sir," responded T. Nolan, jun.; "but," he added, with a sweep of the arm in a forward direction, "the car does, if it's any accommodation to our passengers."

He pointed to the road ahead, and there, like incipient rails, appeared two well-worn ruts, along which the car at times had evidently wended its untrammelled way, in its fight for popularity and success.

By this time the other cars had pulled up. As soon as they stopped the children incontinently crowded out of them, falling one over another in their eagerness to alight.

"Now," exclaimed the three men inside the special to T. Nolan, jun. "Great Scott! what's this?"

They had watched the helter-skelter course of the youngsters, who were making for a point to the left of the lines. Alongside of the old ramshackle shed was a fenced inclosure belonging to the railway company. In front of its entrance stood a ginger-beer and cocoanut stand. Over this entrance was a sign announcing that there was a circus within. The children made a dash for this entrance and pushed in, one after another. There was no admission fee. T. Nolan, jun.'s, brother and two or three enthusiastic assistants unhooked the horses from the cars and led them inside, for they were part of the circus.

"What's this?" inquired the directors again.

T. Nolan, jun., smiled.

"A little scheme of my own, gents," he explained, "for the benefit of the kids. Do a turn there myself, sometimes." He cracked a joint or two, somewhat significantly.

He had not yet unhooked his horse.

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"Well, gents," he suggested, "shall I take you on or take you back?"

They looked at one another, and then at him. Then they pointed towards the circus entrance.

"Take us in," they replied.

There it was. It was crude enough; but it had the ring, and the few gaudy, flimsy, inexpensive trappings, which gave it the semblance of the real thing, and transformed the three car-horses, and the choice selection of youth which rode them, into a genuine performance.

There are certain things that a lad with double joints can do. T. Nolan, jun., did them.

There are certain things that a half-dozen street gamins, in the exuberance of their spirits, insist upon doing for the benefit of an audience, private or public. T. Nolan, jun.'s half-dozen did them well.

There are innumerable things that three horses and as many youthful horsemen cannot help doing. It is very certain that T. Nolan, jun.'s, combination never felt the compunction incident to their environment as they did upon their present occasion. The circus was a grand success.

At its close the manager and his associates walked back to the special and boarded it. T. Nolan, jun., once more a mere employer of the road, fastened his horse to the car, and stood lounging against the rail, waiting for the other cars to start. The manager was the first to speak. His tone was stern and resolute.

"Look here, young man," he inquired, "do you know that that piece of ground belongs to the railway?"

He frowned, and pointed towards the entrance to the circus ground.

T. Nolan, jun., looked at the manager and gulped. He was not prepared for this. He had kept his eye upon the three men, and had an idea that they had enjoyed the show.

"Well, I don't know, sir, as——"

Then he stopped.

The manager was still glancing at him keenly.

"Don't know what?" demanded the other.

T. Nolan, jun., glanced wistfully at the two cars in front with their burden of human freight. Then he glanced off toward the circus ground.

"Well, I don't know, sir," he replied, looking the manager squarely in the eye, "I don't know as the railway ever made any more money out of it than they do now, sir. It's laid waste for years till now."

He reached up and clanged the bell.

"Gee!" he said to his horse.

* * * * *

All this was some half-dozen years ago. Baker's Lane has grown with the passing of time. T. Nolan, jun., formerly the driver of the Baker's Lane Horse-Car Line, still keeps in existence the right of way for the Consolidated Traction Company. He succeeds in holding it, even though it now extends out into the country and over to the next town. He has now five hundred men or more under him to help him to do it.

At the company's offices they still remember his peculiar partiality for signs. They have not yet forgotten the old green car. The sign that they have placed in front of the room where T. Nolan, jun., sits is this brief inscription, in neat gilt letters:

T. NOLAN, JUN., SUPERINTENDENT.

Have you seen the Charming

JAPANESE COVERS

of the "Lady's Magazine"?

The Cover of the September Number will also be Japanese, and will be the most charming picture ever seen on or in a magazine. The LADY'S MAGAZINE would be worth Sixpence for that alone, but there are in addition many Short Stories, Storyettes, and Two Splendid Serials, one just commencing. The features dealing with fashion in all its forms are also interesting, and really useful and practical as well.

Look out for it on the Bookstalls on September 1st. Price 6d., as usual.

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How the Stalwart Men in Blue—the Custodians of London's Peace—are Prepared for their Responsible Work.

By John E. Doyle.

London, including its square mile of kernel known as "The City," is under the guardianship of a well-organised police force numbering 17,121 individuals.

And that force has a tremendous responsibility resting on its broad shoulders. Besides the preservation of law and order amongst six millions of more or less ambitious people, there is much to be done in looking after the worldly possessions of those six millions.

Of the enormous actual value of the property in charge of the London police it is impossible to form any estimate. Some idea may be gathered when it is known that there are some six hundred and ninety square miles of the richest portion of His Majesty's dominions always to be kept under careful observation.

Naturally the selection of candidates for such guardianship has to be conducted with greater care and precaution than is necessary in the case of the requirements of Winklemouth-on-Sea with its seven hundred and twenty odd inhabitants, to whom a local case of petty larceny provides a pleasurable sensation for weeks, whilst the training necessary in one case must of necessity be far more elaborate than in the other. In fact, there is no comparison.

It was recently declared by a well-known authority that "there is no body of public servants chosen with such infinite care and discretion as those who come as recruits to the famous police institution on the Thames Embankment."

And those who enjoy their guardianship, and not infrequently their friendship, know how true that statement is. How civil, how kindly—in short, how gentlemanly, we always find the average policeman! You can always ask him any question on any subject under the sun and be sure of a civil and intelligent reply. He is, as a rule, a walking encyclopædia, bound in blue cloth!

But he is a far different kind of person when he first makes his appearance at headquarters "to be licked into shape." The policeman in embryo is a rough, uncouth

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sort of being. He comes—as a rule—from the country, fresh from hod or hoe. The damp soil, as it were, clings to him. It has all to be brushed off effectively. The brushing operation is generally successful.

In the Metropolitan Police alone about one thousand vacancies occur every year. More than half of the vacancies are caused through the retirement of officers with pensions or gratuities.

The Commissioner, however, finds no difficulty in filling up the ranks.

Every Tuesday morning there is more than ordinary bustle in the precincts of New Scotland Yard.

It is Candidates' Day. Some fifty or sixty stalwart young men are up for examination.

But how has the Commissioner found these embryonic "bobbies?" Braw lads from the Hielands, west country farm hands, six-tooters from Tipperary—how have they been discovered?

The question is not very difficult to answer. Thousands of young men are attracted to the police service because of its many advantages, and the candidates' list at Scotland Yard is always well provided with names and addresses.

What are the attractions of the Metropolitan Police service? Well, primarily there is the pay—25*s.* 6*d.* per week as a beginning, with plenty of warm clothing. Coals, too, are included in the weekly allowances, or money in place of them when not required.

A policeman who conducts himself uprightly may also reckon that his annual increase of 1*s.* per week will come to him in due course, and if promotion does not come as soon as he would like, there is a maximum of 33*s.* 6*d.* a week to look forward to.

In ten years' time a well-conducted officer may be almost certain of promotion, and a fully fledged sergeant commands a substantial rate of pay, according to his length of service.

Better still, it is comforting to the average recruit to know that some fine day he may develop into a real, live inspector, with a salary—it isn't called "wages" any longer—of from £200 to £250. And there are five superintendents at "the Yard" alone, who must be pensioned off at a certain time. Well, who knows? The plain policeman may even aspire to one of these berths, with its comparatively gorgeous salary of £400 a year.

Perhaps the best of the attractions is the fact that, after fifteen years' service, he may retire with a pension. But if he stays on for the full term of twenty-six years, he can claim two-thirds of his pay and go and live in peace for the rest of his days.

Even the man who, owing to ill-health, or any approved cause, has to resign after three years, is treated better than he would be if dealing with the average civilian employer. He receives a gratuity of one month's pay for each year of service up to fifteen, when, as stated previously, he is entitled to a pension.

A man who wants to join the Metropolitan Police must first write to the Commissioner, at New Scotland Yard, candidates' department, stating his intention and desire.

In due course he will receive an official application form, on which he is asked to give, in his own hand-writing, a large number of personal details. The Commissioner evidently wants to know as much about candidates as the candidates know themselves.

Age, height, colour of eyes and hair, complexion; trade or other calling; married or single; if married, how many children; name and address of present or last employer; if previously served in any public service. Two testimonials as to character must accompany the returned form.

These testimonials must be written by two responsible householders who have personally known the candidate for at least five years. In addition, a letter of recommendation from present or last employer must be forwarded.

Here are some of the qualifications which a man must possess before he can have any chance of success: Be over twenty-one and under twenty-seven years of age; at least five feet nine inches high in his bare feet; able to read well; a legible writer; a fair speller; generally intelligent—from a Scotland Yard point of view—without any bodily ailment of any description; of the strongest constitution; exceptionally clean in personal habits.

We will take it that a man has received an intimation from the Commissioner that he may present himself for examination at Scotland Yard on a certain Tuesday morning.

The vast majority of candidates come from the country—and pay their own fares in the first instance—to London.

Turning up at Scotland Yard on the fateful Tuesday morning, expectant candidates meet an officer in whose hands they remain for at least three weeks to undergo a course of thorough physical training. Chief Inspector Rose—a veteran of more than forty years' service—is the mentor. He is known in the force as "the policeman maker."

Promptly to time from fifty to sixty men

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are ranged in a large room in the great Embankment building. Whilst waiting for the premier ordeal—the medical examination—they are harangued by Inspector Rose.

He explains to them exactly what the nature of their duties will be should they become members of the force. He urges upon them the necessity of thoroughly understanding the terms upon which they are entering the service. Each man is supplied with a pamphlet issued with the object of insuring that the candidate knows the responsibility he is taking on himself in joining the police. He, in fact, will know what his position will be, what will be expected of him, and that he will not be allowed to do certain things such as an ordinary civilian may do.

For instance, he must not incur a debt, or take any financial risks. He must not open a shop or give credit. These regulations are framed with the idea of enabling a policeman to keep himself, as it were, unspotted from the world of unfortunate notoriety.

After listening to the worthy inspector's homily, and perusing, or pretending to peruse, the admonitory booklet, the candidates for the order of the blue tunic retire to a dressing-room, where they strip off their every-day attire and wrap themselves up in great coats to await their respective turns for an interview with the doctor, Chief Surgeon MacKellar, whose duty it is to see that none but the most robust and physically perfect will enter the force.

There is no calling—not even the sailor's—so trying to a man's constitution as that of the policeman's in London. The terrible winter, with its constant fogs and dampness, is bad enough when passed on day duty, but only those who have experienced it can ever understand the awful trials of night duty in a London atmosphere between the first of November and the end of March.

It is significant, that in spite of the care exercised in the selection of healthy men, one year's total of diseases among the officers, resulting from exposure, was 4067: all cases of rheumatism, bronchitis, catarrh, and tonsilitis.

One by one, the men, clad only in their great coats, file into the doctor's room to learn their fate. The medical exam., being such a keen one, it is not surprising that a fair percentage of each day's candidates fail to pass.

The big ordeal over, the successful ones are measured for their height, and weighed. Very few are rejected, because the men have already, before coming to "the Yard," satisfied themselves on these points. And they know that if they are even half-an-inch short of the requisite sixty-nine, there is not a bit of use going to any further trouble. Each man must be of the average weight, according to his height.

Next comes the examination to prove the candidate's ability in "the three R's." The educational test being only that which even the less ambitious board school supplies, the men are very seldom, if ever, "plucked" because of it.

Still, it is occasionally Inspector Rose's painful duty to have to inform a man, at the end of the first day's tests, that he is not a suitable candidate, and need not attend further.

The more fortunate ones, however, are marched off to the Section House, in Kennington Lane, which will form their temporary abode until the period of probation (three weeks) is completed. During this time each man receives a certain sum, sufficient for his needs, until he enters on his duties as a fully fledged policeman.

At the Section House, where suitable accommodation is provided for some eighty men, the art of telegraphy is taught, and Inspector Rose seizes every opportunity to post the candidates in their various duties, all of which will be described further on in this article.

When "off duty" the young fellows either walk out for a constitutional or enjoy themselves indoors, where there are billiard tables, reading rooms, and other means of recreation.

Part of each day is spent upon the square of Wellington Barracks, where the men go through a course of drilling under the superintendence of Inspector Rose. It is wonderful what a change is produced in the physical appearance of the men after a week's work on the barracks' square. The loose-looking, crudely-formed country fellows develop into smart, soldier-like men, with a regular, steady stride.

At Scotland Yard they attend a course of five lectures given by Chief-Surgeon MacKellar on elementary anatomy, and are instructed in ambulance work. Practical illustrations of first aid are included. All this is of great use in a place like London, where street accidents are such common occurrences.

Needless to say, the authorities that be at Scotland Yard are firm believers in the efficacy of vaccination. It is one of the conditions laid down to candidates that they agree to be re-vaccinated. So, before the days of probation are concluded, every man's arm carried

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Having passed through various preliminaries, candidates for the police force are taken before the Assistant Commissioner, who passes them for duty. They then don their official blue uniform for the first time.

tenderly about is sufficient testimony that the requirements of the regulations have been duly fulfilled.

An important event happens towards the close of the course of drilling at Wellington Barracks. On an appointed day the candidates parade in the square, where, in the presence of an Assistant Commissioner, they go through a series of evolutions under the command of the ubiquitous Rose, who becomes a blushing one when the A. C. turns to him and officially compliments him on the smartness of his men.

If the A. C. is thoroughly satisfied with the appearance and proficiency of the candidates, they are probationers no longer, but may regard themselves as policemen in mufti—for, of course, they have not yet "donned the blue."

On the following Monday morning—the official inspection takes place as a rule on Thursday or Friday—the embryonic Roberts appear at the Receiver's Store, where each man is supplied with his uniform and helmet.

Retiring laden to their quarters, the new and spotless blue clothes are donned. Then, under the direction of Mentor Rose, the proud fellows march from Kennington Lane to the "Yard" where, in the presence of the

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Commissioner, or his representative, each man is "affirmed." He solemnly promises to do his duty faithfully, making the following "General Declaration":—

"*I, Henry Wilton, being appointed a constable of the Police Force of the Metropolitan Police District, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King in the office of constable, and that I will act as a constable for preserving the peace and preventing robberies and other felonies, and apprehending offenders against the peace, and in all respects to the best of my skill and knowledge discharge the duties of the said office faithfully and according to law.*"

There is a special declaration for those constables who are intended for duty at or in a Royal Palace. It is worded as follows:—

"*I, William Jenkins, being a constable belonging to the Metropolitan Police Force, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will faithfully execute the office of constable within the Royal Palaces and ten miles thereof.*"

Whilst the probationers have been making themselves proficient in their new duties, the Commissioner's staff has been busy making arrangements for their disposal over the district, which extends from Colney Heath, Herts., in the north, to Todworth Heath in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west.

Each new policeman's sphere of active duty has been arranged for him, and he is drafted off to the division in which he is to be employed, at any rate during the earlier part of his official career.

He at first fills a very humble position, acting as reserve man at the station, and attending the local police court as usher. Here, in calling out names, he acquires that confident and authoritative voice which marks him out as a person of importance later on. In such employment he spends the first fortnight of his "active" life in the force.

For some hours daily, at the station, the fledgling's superior officer acts as his coach in giving minute instructions in the law as to arrest, and generally in the multitudinous duties upon which he is about to enter.

With regard to arrests, he is cautioned never to take a man into custody without sufficient reason. He must never enter a private residence without a warrant, no matter how great his belief may be that a "wanted" is seeking shelter there.

A London magistrate recently stated that if a policeman were killed by a man whom he was trying to arrest without a warrant, his assailant could not be found guilty of murder. In making an authorised arrest the novice must never forget to recite the official warning to the prisoner, which informs him that anything he may say will be taken down and used as evidence against him.

On these and other matters the superior "lays down the law" for the benefit of the recruit, and woe betide the latter if he fails to heed every detail. An oversight made by a recruit may utterly spoil his chances of success in the force.

As to the extent of the policeman's duties, it may truly be said that a constable bears the combined cares of a dozen people upon his broad shoulders as he takes his walks abroad.

For instance, he is expected to act as a sort of foster-mother to lost children, and to discover their relatives, to whom the lost ones must be duly restored. The policeman is also regarded as the proper individual who should find the whereabouts of missing persons, and to lead them in due course to their friends.

And very well he does his work. It is a fact that the City and Metropolitan forces, during the year 1901, found and restored 18,473 lost children and missing persons to their anxious friends and relatives.

And a policeman has also to be an expert hand at extinguishing a fire, as well as acting as a watchman to discover outbreaks of conflagrations. To get his hand in at the art of extinguishing fires he attends, at regular intervals, a divisional fire drill at headquarters, where he and his comrades are placed under the direction of an experienced fireman.

Thus, the study of hydrant, hose, and fire-escape, renders the sturdy man in blue a fitting auxiliary to the fire brigade in cases of emergency or short-handedness of staff.

And that he is able to cope with sudden difficulties of this nature is proved by the official returns of last year's London fires. Seventy-five outbreaks were extinguished by the police unaided by the brigade or any other assistance.

One would fancy that even a policeman's patience would be exhausted when he receives instructions to act as a sort of official capturer of stray and unmuzzled dogs. No wonder the canine breed is said to possess an hereditary hatred of a policeman in uniform. The combined forces, in the course of a year, captured no fewer than 30,685 dogs, including sixty-seven suffering from rabies.

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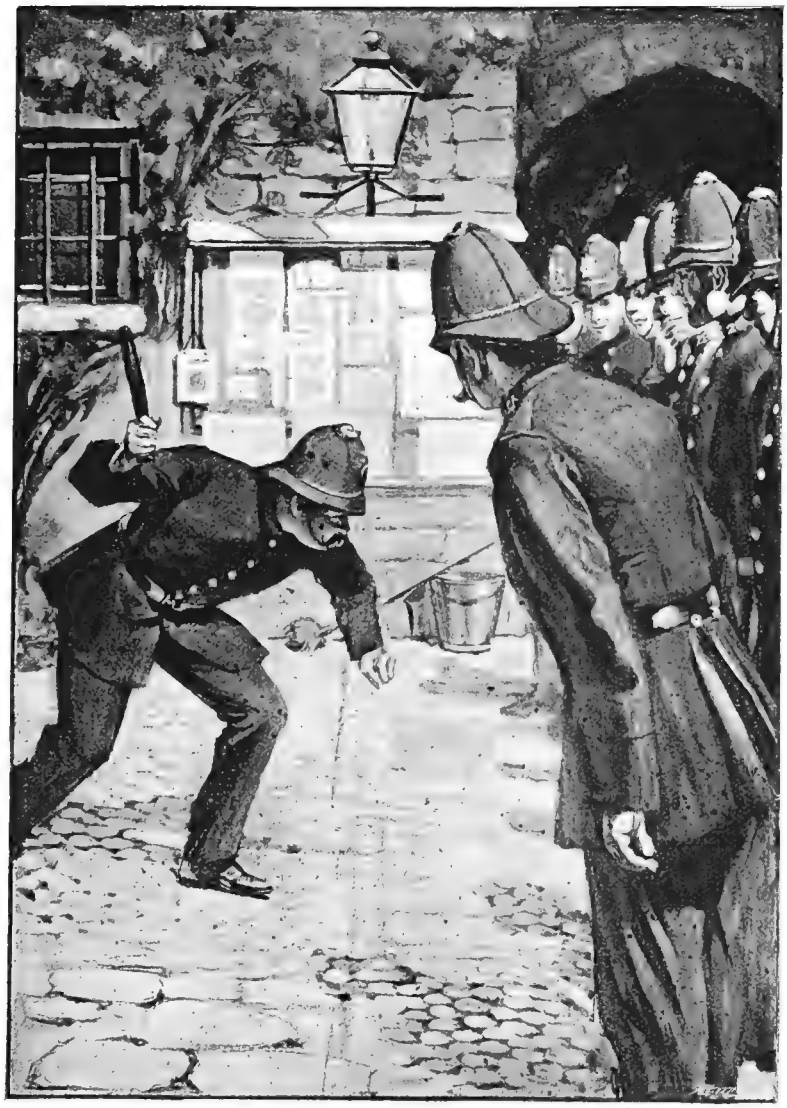
Now, the capture of a mad dog is an act requiring special training. Should you ever happen to visit the precincts of a police station whilst mad dog drill is "on," don't imagine that the staff has taken leave of its senses.

A real mad dog is a risky thing to practice the drill upon. Therefore, the demented canine has to be imagined, and the expert whose knowledge is being dispensed to the novice has to capture an imaginary animal. With drawn staff, and set, determined face, the veteran bears down upon his imaginary prey. To the assembled juniors he meanwhile describes the movements of the supposed dog, giving advice as to the safest way of approaching the unfortunate animal.

Finally, by a flank movement, the imaginary mad dog is approached and knocked senseless by a blow of the policeman's staff. The knowledge gained by such rehearsals is invaluable to a man who must not flinch when the real mad dog makes its appearance in the street.



"Mad dog drill" is an important item in a policeman's training. Needless to say, no mad dog is used, but lessons are given in the best way of approaching and disabling an animal afflicted with rabies.

"Hi! Hi! Stop that horse!" yells an excited crowd, in most cases adding to the poor runaway's terror. And, of course, it is the first policeman that comes along who is expected to make the earliest practical attempt to bring the creature to a stand-still. At any rate, the odds are that he knows more about how to do it than the ordinary man in the street.

Although the lessons given are chiefly theoretical, they are none the less effective Before a policeman goes out to do duty in the streets he is lectured upon the best method of stopping runaway horses. That is why you notice he never approaches the galloping animal from an opposite direction, or at right angles.

When a policeman sees a runaway horse. coming towards him, he starts running in the same direction as the horse, looking back now and then as the runaway overtakes him.

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Soon the animal dashes alongside him, and, although he may not be travelling as fast as the horse, he is able to shoot out his hands and grasp the reins, and, still running, gradually bring the beast under control.

Last year 285 men in blue succeeded in stopping as many runaway horses, which might otherwise have caused serious damage to men and things. At such moments a policeman must not think of his wife or children. He has to act, and act at once.

At the dead of night have you ever suddenly awoke from sleep to hear a steady, strong knock at your hall door? Have you crept downstairs scantily clad to ask in quavering or blustering tones, according to your mood, "Who's there?"

Have you seen the flash of a bull's-eye lantern as you peeped through the keyhole? Then a gruff but civil voice that murmurs:

"You've left your front room window wide open, sir. Please close and latch it."

It is the policeman, of course. Who else would care a jot if you left every window and door in the house open?

It is one of the many duties of the man in blue to examine the door and lower windows of every house on his beat at night. Many a burglary has been prevented by the caution of the watchful policeman. During 1901 the Metropolitan force found 24,088 doors and windows left open or insecurely fastened at night.

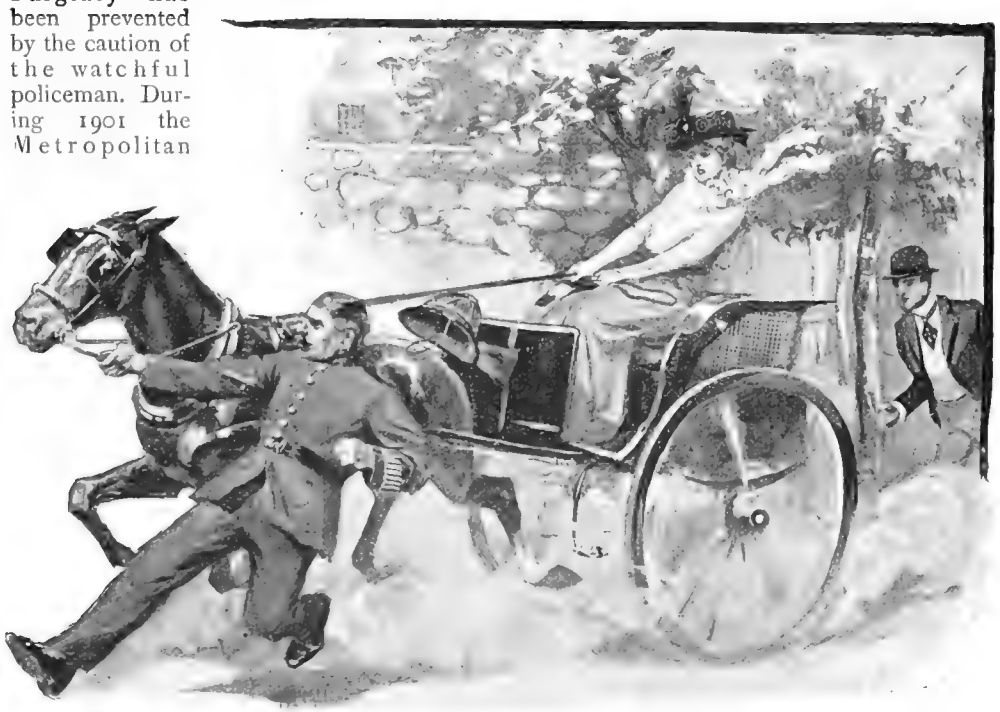
It is part of the policeman's duty to act the good Samaritan at all times whensoever necessary. He has to assist persons who have met with an accident, to give first aid, provide an ambulance, and to wheel this, single-handed, to the nearest hospital.

Although it is not in the regulations, the policeman is supposed never to hesitate in jumping into river or sea to rescue drowning persons. How often this is done the many presentations of medals to members of the two forces by the life saving society are sufficient testimony.

Amongst other duties, the man in blue has to attend to the following, all of which call for tact and discretion in carrying out:—The billeting of soldiers, the examination of pedlars' licenses, answering the questions of people who never can do anything without first "asking a policeman," and the prevention of over-crowding in omnibuses and tram cars.

Well may a policeman, at the end of his twenty-six years' service, say to himself, as he grasps the first instalment of his pension: "I have earned this!"

And there is no doubt of it.



A policeman is always expected to stop a runaway horse if he sees one; and he is taught that the best way to do this is to run along in the same direction as the animal and let it overtake him before snatching at the bridle.

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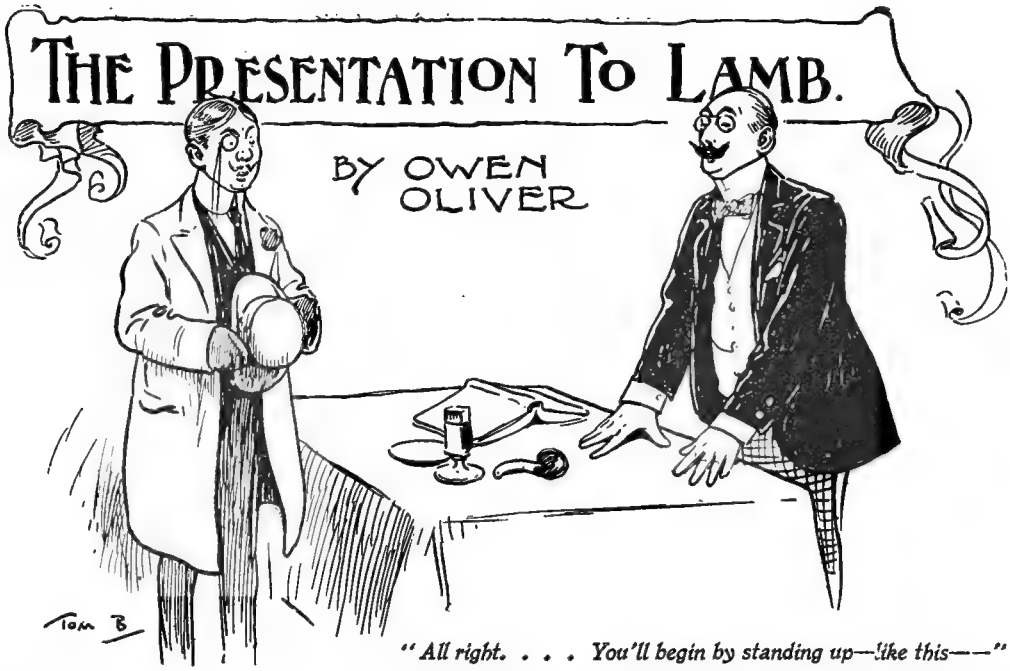
THE PRESENTATION TO LAMB.

BY OWEN OLIVER



"All right. . . . You'll begin by standing up—like this——"

It was a rainy Saturday afternoon, and I was reading a heavy novel in front of the fire, when young Lamb came in. He looked as if he carried a world or two on his shoulders.

"Hulloa, Lambkin!" I said cheerfully. "What's the trouble?"—he groaned and shook his head—"the fair Evelina?" He's engaged to her.

"If you mean Miss Smithers," he said with dignity, "certainly not. It's the fellows at the club. They"—he sank his voice to a whisper—"they're going to give me a testimonial!" He was leaving Tinville for London.

"I've subscribed to it myself," I confessed. He shook his head at me reproachfully.

"I might have known it!" he groaned again. "It's to-night."

"Surely you don't object to a little present?"

"It isn't the present I mind, it's the presentation. They'll expect a speech"; he ruffled up his hair wildly. "I can't do it. That's a fact."

"It's easy enough," I answered him. "Proudest moment of your life, and all that sort of thing."

"I'd thought of that," he admitted; "but I can't get any further. Look here, you tell me. What ought I to say?"

I folded my arms judicially.

"That," I said solemnly, "is the question!"

He kicked the footstool half across the room.

"Don't talk foolery . . . You know you're good at spouting . . . You might give a fellow a lift."

I took a few draws at my pipe and laid it down.

"All right . . . You'll begin by standing up—like this—and resting your hands upon the table—so. Then you'll say something like this:

"'Mr. President and Gentlemen:—

"'I wish that my command of language were equal to my feelings, but my heart is too full for words. When I——'"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "I'll see if I can remember that." He muttered it over several times. "That's all right. Go on."

"'When I see all that is best and noblest in this beautiful town gathered together to——'"

"Wait a minute. How about er—the ladies?"

"'When I see all that is best and noblest in the male society of this beautiful town gathered together to do honour to my unworthy self'—they'll shout: 'No, no,' and you'll look modest—'I am compelled to think better of myself than I have ever done before.' Now you put one hand on your heart and plant the other firmly on the table, like this . . . No, no! Like this . . . 'Gentlemen, this is the proudest moment of my life!' Then

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we'll cheer like blazes, and you can think what you're going to say next."

"You'll think of it better," he protested.

"You've only got to hold up the present and say nice things about it. Of course it will be just what you most wanted."

"What *is* it?" he inquired.

"It wasn't decided last night. We left it to Brown and Jones. I was for a meerschaum pipe. You might say that we could not have selected a more appropriate and useful present or one that you would use more frequently. You might say *that* whatever it is; that you will always fancy that you see our faces through the clouds of smoke; that your friendship will deepen like the colour of the pipe, and so on. Smith wanted a couple of bats with your best innings for us on silver plates. You could say that to-night was the best innings of all. Jones proposed a watch. You could say that its constant tick-tick would always remind you of the happy moments you spent with us. Old Smithers rather hinted at something that would come in useful in the furnishing line—a pair of vases, or anything of that sort. That would give you a chance of bringing the fair Evelina in. You can say that you hope soon to be taking the dearest part of Tinville away with you. You could hint that, should any little difference ever arise, you would look at the pair—or whatever the number may be—and take a lesson from the unity of hearts here, and so on."

"By Jove, that's good!" Lamb rubbed his hands. "Go on, old chap. I'm taking it in."

"Well, you might go back to the fulness of heart, and so on; and say that you feared that words had proved unequal to expressing your feelings; that there *were* no words equal to doing so; but that, with all your heart, you thanked us all."

Lamb rose and shook my hand. He has a grip like iron. "Johnson," he said, "you're a genius! I'll go home and get it off by heart. . . . 'Fulness of heart,' you said?"

"Quite right." He nodded and made for the door. Then he stopped.

"There was something else about heart, wasn't there?"

"Er—'unity of heart,' you mean."

"That's it. Thanks awfully." He shut the door, but in a few minutes he opened it again.

"I hope they'll make it the pair of ornaments," he remarked. "She'd like that. . . . Suppose it is the watch? 'Click-clack,' you said, didn't you?"

"Tick-tick," I corrected.

"That's what I meant. So long, old chap."

"So long!"

He went out again. In a few moments I heard him whistling outside. So I opened the window.

"What do I do when I've finished?" he asked.

"Sit down."

"I mean what do I do with the vases—if it is vases."

"Take them home! You'd better hold them up while you're praising them. They'll look at the vases instead of you, and you'll feel more comfortable."

"You're a clever old beggar!" he said admiringly. "Good-bye."

Then he went, and I shut the window and returned to my book. It was a serious work, as I have said, but I laughed a good deal.

I was rather late in reaching the club, and the presentation was about to begin, Lamb was pale, and he kept twiddling his thumbs. He looked at me reproachfully

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"I wanted to go over it with you," he whispered. "I—I hope it will be the ornaments. She'd come in so nicely. . . . I know I shall make a mess of it."

"Nonsense! Have a whiskey and soda?"

"That's good counsel," he pronounced, "I think I will."

It *was* good counsel; but, unfortunately, he had had a number of counsellors already; and they had all given the same advice! He hadn't had too much exactly; but when he got up to return thanks he was distinctly flustered. He grabbed the presentation—it was a silver-mounted riding whip—and flourished it without seeming to know what it was. This is what he said:

"President and—er—gentlemen. I mean—er—Mr. Gentlemen and—er—president—

"I am too full for words. Much too full. (*Hold on to the table.*) I—I'd say a lot of things—er— if I'd more—more—language. I—I mean it you know. (*Hear, hear!*) You'd be surprised—perhaps you wouldn't be surprised—you might be surprised or you might not—if you knew what I thought.

"When I—er—see the beautiful male society of this unworthy town—I mean the unworthy society of this beautiful male town—I think better of myself than I did before. Can't help it. Er—er—this is the proudest moment of my life. (*Loud applause.*)

"When I say the male society of this town I—er—don't include the females—the female—ladies. That is—you know what I mean. (*Yes, yes!*) I don't want to mention names (*No, no!*), but I—er—I am proud of it. I'm going to take the best part of them away with me! (*Laughter.*)

"When I think of the—er—happy state I am going to enter—I see you were thinking of it when you chose this—er—appropriate present! (*Mr. Smithers rose and was pulled down by his coat-tails. I started making my way towards Lamb.*) If we have any little difference—when I hear a constant click-click—er—you know what I mean—it will be very useful. (*Flourishing the whip.*)

"When I—er—see the beautiful male society of this unworthy town, I think better of myself than I did before."

"I shall remember you then. So will she. We'll look at the pair of them—or whatever the number is—and—er— It's very useful. It's just what I want; just what *she* wants. I won't mention any names, but—er—it's—er—it's——"

At this moment I reached Lamb and pulled him down suddenly "You young *ass!*" I muttered. "It's a riding-whip!"

The joke ends here; but I don't like to see a good fellow pushed into a corner even in jest. Those who don't feel that way needn't read on.

When the uproar had subsided a little I got on my feet and held up my hand. The fellows are always good in listening to me.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen—

"The richer the feeling the poorer the

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speech. Our friend Lamb has shown that he feels your kindness very much. He has shown some of us what has not been apparent to most of you, that he also appreciates very highly a little attention of ours.

"There are several of us who, in addition to knowing him, have the privilege of knowing also his *fiancée*—a young lady for whom I, being many years her senior, may without offence express a warm regard. Well, gentlemen, it occurred to us (*I hadn't mentioned it to the others yet!*) that beside joining in this present we should like to make some little offering in which she could share, to show her that his friends are her friends. (*Loud applause.*)

"This offering is to take the form of a pair of vases. In his agitation—his natural and laudable agitation at taking leave of so many dear friends—(*Hear, hear! Bravo!*)—Mr. Lamb had these vases in the forefront of his mind. Miss Smithers is always there. (*Laughter and cheers.*) His remarks applied to the vases. (*An agitated 'Yes, yes,' from Lamb.*)

"Gentlemen, I think we should have had her in mind also. Our worthy president has made a suggestion to me. (*I made it to him, but it's all the same.*) He proposes that we should exchange the bachelor whip for the domestic clock. A riding-whip, gentlemen, is a dangerous weapon in a household. (*I leaned forward confidentially.*) You never know who will get hold of it first! (*Yells of laughter.*)

"A clock is beneficial to both parties. It tells a wife when to get her husband's breakfast. It tells her also *when to expect him home.* (*More yells.*) May the domestic happiness of our friend Lamb be as constant as the ticking of the clock."

I met Miss Smithers the next afternoon, and she made *me* a speech. It was a very pretty little speech, and she said it very prettily. "You have been Charlie's best friend at two presentations," she concluded. "I—I hope you will be his best man at the third!"

SUNSHINE.

I do not know what skies there were
  Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
  A little, when we turned to go;
I think I saw the grasses sway
  As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet it seemed like yesterday,
  That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
  I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
  Across the fields; we were alone.
We went together, you and I;
  How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
  I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
  Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road:
  I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
  The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
  And I saw only you!

AUBREY NEWTON

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REMEMBER TO FORGET

I.

Said Dorothy, aged two,
"Remember to forget
That 'tis my bed-time—*do!*"
Said Dorothy, aged two.
"I want to play with you—
The nicest boy I've met."
Said Dorothy, aged two,
"Remember to forget!"

II.

"Remember to forget,"
Said Dorothy, nineteen,
"That we have ever met,
Remember to forget!"
The child's phrase, quaintly set,
Clings to her still—my queen!
"Remember to forget!"
Said Dorothy, nineteen.

III.

"Remember to forget,"
Pleads Dorothy to-night,
"I've teased you sadly—yet
Remember to forget."
Her eyelashes were wet
Although her heart is light.
"Remember to forget!"
Pleads Dorothy to-night.

KILDA KILROY.

Google

MR. X —HIS PAGES.

A Chimney Puzzle.

A steeplejack, having climbed to the top of a 100 foot chimney, found that his mates had removed the scaling ladders and gone off for the night, leaving the climbing apparatus, ropes, etc., on the ground.

The unfortunate man succeeded in attracting the attention of a little boy below, and eventually managed to get to the ground again safely without calling in the help of anyone else.

How did he do it?

All that the steeplejack had with him on the chimney was a pair of scissors and a piece of bread and cheese wrapped up in the front page of a daily newspaper.

[*A Five Shilling prize will be given for the best solution of this problem to reach Mr.* X *in an envelope marked "Chimney," by Nov. 20th, 1903.*]

What Colour is the "Five" on a £5 Bank Note?

Black, of Course.

[Mr. X has been unable personally to check this reply. The colour of a bank note is an unknown quantity to him. If the question is a put-up job on your poor old Puzzle Editor, perhaps any reader who has been fortunate enough to have personal acquaintance with a £5 note will communicate privately with Mr. X.]

A Puzzling But Sensible Sentence.

Leave a little more space between King and and and and and Queen.

Hardly Fair.

Why is every unmarried lady said to be a miss with a mission?

Because she is in search of a man with a mansion!

To Put Ale and Water in a Glass Without Mixing Them.

Fill your glass half full of ale and set it upon a table; then put a silk handkerchief over the glass, and press it down to the

surface of the ale; you may then gently fill the glass with water, and draw up the handkerchief, and you will see the water resting upon the ale without mixing in the least.

Not Safe.

Those who try the following catches had better make themselves scarce as quickly as possible.

Jones: "I say, old man, lovely day for the race?"

Smith (*unsuspiciously*): "What race?"

Jones (*at safe distance*): "The human race, old boy."

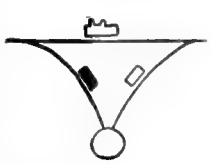
Next day Jones on meeting Smith exclaims excitedly: "They're after you!"

Smith: "Who?"

Jones (*triumphantly*): "V, W, X, Y, and Z."

A Shunting Problem.

A station-master had two trucks on two lines which were united by a turn-table. He had one engine, which was too big to go over the turn-table. He had to reverse the position of the two trucks (which were small enough to cross the turn-table separately). How?



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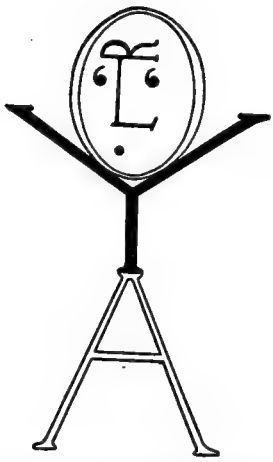

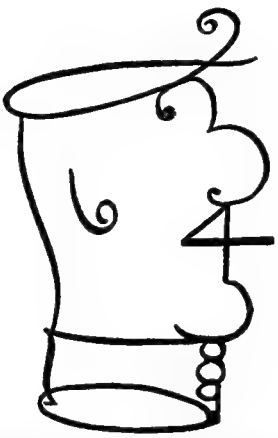

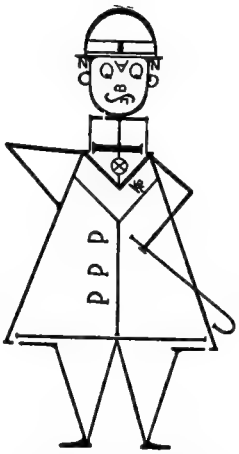

Three curious composite figures. The first is composed of the letters of the word 'Royal,' with the full stop and inverted commas; the second, of the digits, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; and the third, of the letters of the alphabet.

How to Flabbergast a Shopkeeper.

Go into, say, a tobacconist's shop and ask for a threepenny cigar. Don't hand over the money; but look at the cigar for a little, and then say: "I don't think I'll have a cigar. Would you kindly exchange it for a packet of cigarettes?"

When the shopkeeper takes back the cigar and hands you the cigarettes proceed to walk calmly out of the shop, when he will immediately call you back and demand payment for the cigarettes.

Then say to him: "But didn't I exchange the cigar for those cigarettes?"

The shopkeeper will, of course, own that you did, but at the same time will remind you that you did not pay for the cigar. Whereupon you puzzle him for a moment by replying that it is not likely that you are going to pay for the cigar when you didn't get it!

She Left Nothing Behind.

"Is all my luggage in the van?"
"Yes, madam."
"Have I left nothing behind?"
"No, madam; not even a copper."

How to arrange four 9's in order to make 100.

Answer: $99\frac{9}{9}$.

A Piece of Good Advice.

(Always be natural, sometimes be sharp, never be flat.)

The Circle Catch.

Ask your friends to do the following and they will most certainly be caught. Make a circle with the finger on a table, piece of paper or anything flat, putting in eyes and mouth at random, saying: "The moon is round, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth," only being sure to make the circle with the left hand. Others who are asked to do the same, invariably make it with the *right* hand.

The best Eight-lettered Word Square has been sent in by C. P. Baseley, and the prize of One Pound goes to him. Here is the square with the definitions of the various words employed.

M A L A R I A S	Unhealthy exhalations from certain soils.
A L A M A N C E	County, North Carolina.
L A M A N T I N	The manatee.
A M A S S I N G	Piling.
R A N S O M E R	One who redeems.
I N T I M A T E	To hint.
A C I N E T A E	A group of suctorial infusoria.
S E N G R E E N	The houseleek.

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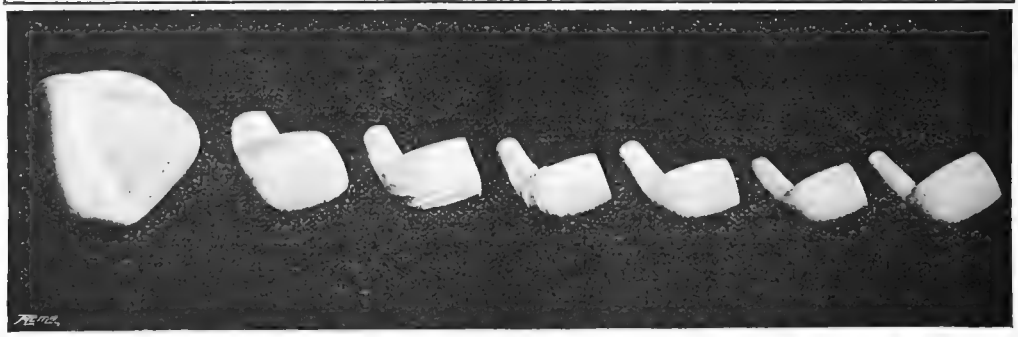
The Birth of the Pipe



An Interesting Article to tell you how and from what your Pipe is Made.

By George Western.

Delightful as is the irresponsibility of the cigarette, soul-stirring and divinely pungent the aroma of a cigar, the pipe is the best of all. You need never be afraid of your pipe. It is worth all the medicine and the pills that the whole pharmacopœia could produce. Were it not so, why call it the pipe of peace?

It is about this "pipe of peace" that I am going to tell you—how it is made, where the materials come from, and all the rest of it. There is a lot to say about pipes. In fact, you could fill a book with interesting talk about them, and still leave a lot unsaid. But the Editor tells me that four pages must suffice. So I must curb my pen and get to the business at once and tell you all that I learned on my visit to Messrs. Perkins and Sons, the great pipe manufacturers, in Tottenham Court Road.

Let us start with the meerschaum, that beautiful white pipe whose bowl you must touch with the greatest care, lest you leave the slightest scratch or finger mark on its silky surface. The word meerschaum means, literally, sea foam. But you must not run away with the idea that meerschaum pipes are made of petrified sea foam. That is wrong. Meerschaum is a mineral found in the neighbourhood of Asia Minor by a man called Meerschaum. When dug out of the ground it is soft and flaky, like soap.

Well, the meerschaum is taken to Vienna and sent packed in cases to the merchants in this country. The price to the trade varies according to the size of the pieces. Thus, a case containing about two hundred small pieces, each piece to be made into a small meerschaum bowl, will cost at the rate of

Five phases in the manufacture of an amber mouthpiece. On the left is the rough hewn lump, fresh from the mines in the Baltic. Number two, the same piece cut in two. Then a well-chiselled lump. Next we see the mouthpiece taking tangible shape, and finally ready and waiting to be screwed into the meerschaum pipe.

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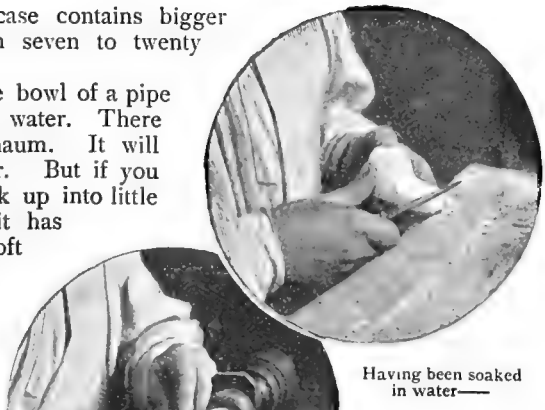
rour shillings a piece. But when the case contains bigger pieces the price is higher, ranging from seven to twenty shillings.

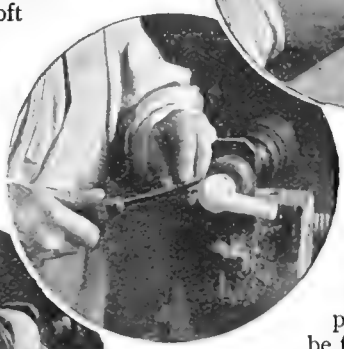
The first thing to do before cutting the bowl of a pipe is to soak the lump of raw meerschaum in water. There is an extraordinary quality about meerschaum. It will absorb more than its own weight of water. But if you leave it in the water too long it will break up into little pieces, and therefore be useless. After it has been soaked in water it becomes about as soft as cheese and is easily cut with a knife.

When it is in this soft flaky state the meerschaum is cut with an ordinary knife, into the rough shape of a pipe, and then the skilled mechanic sets to work on the bowl. With the lathe and a sharp knife he cuts the bowl and the stem. He then clamps the bowl on to the lathe once more and hollows it out. For this a circular chisel is used. A bradawl does the same offices to the stem.

As far as the chisel and knife work go the pipe is complete. It is, of course, in a very rough state, and has to be sand-papered very carefully until quite smooth. Then comes the wax bath. A pan is filled with wax, and when this is heated until it has reached liquid state, the pipe is immersed for two or three minutes. It is then put away to dry for the mouth-piece of amber to be fitted on.



—Having been soaked in water—



—the meerschaum is turned down—

—bored—

—filed—

—waxed—

—polished, and finally fitted with a mouthpiece, then being ready to smoke.

The meerschaum pipe now awaits its mouth-piece. This is almost invariably made of that pretty clouded amber so universally admired. The amber is imported into England from Konigsberg, in Prussia, where it is a government monopoly. But it comes in the first place from the shores of the Baltic, where it is taken from the sea. Amber is purchased by manufacturers at the rate of fifty shillings for a kilo, roughly, more than two pounds, containing a hundred small pieces, only big enough for beads. The larger sizes for mouth-pieces and cigarette-holders cost at the rate of ten shillings to one hundred shillings a piece.

The first thing a workman does when he starts cutting an amber pipe stem is to place the rough piece, which will probably be the right length, more or less, on a circular saw. This cuts away most of the superfluous amber, and reduces it down to a size that can easily be worked upon with a chisel—step number two. With the chisel he cuts off the corners and reduces the mouthpiece in size still more. Step number three will be to round off all the corners. This is done with the help of a circular file worked by a foot lathe. After some more file work a hand file of moderate surface is

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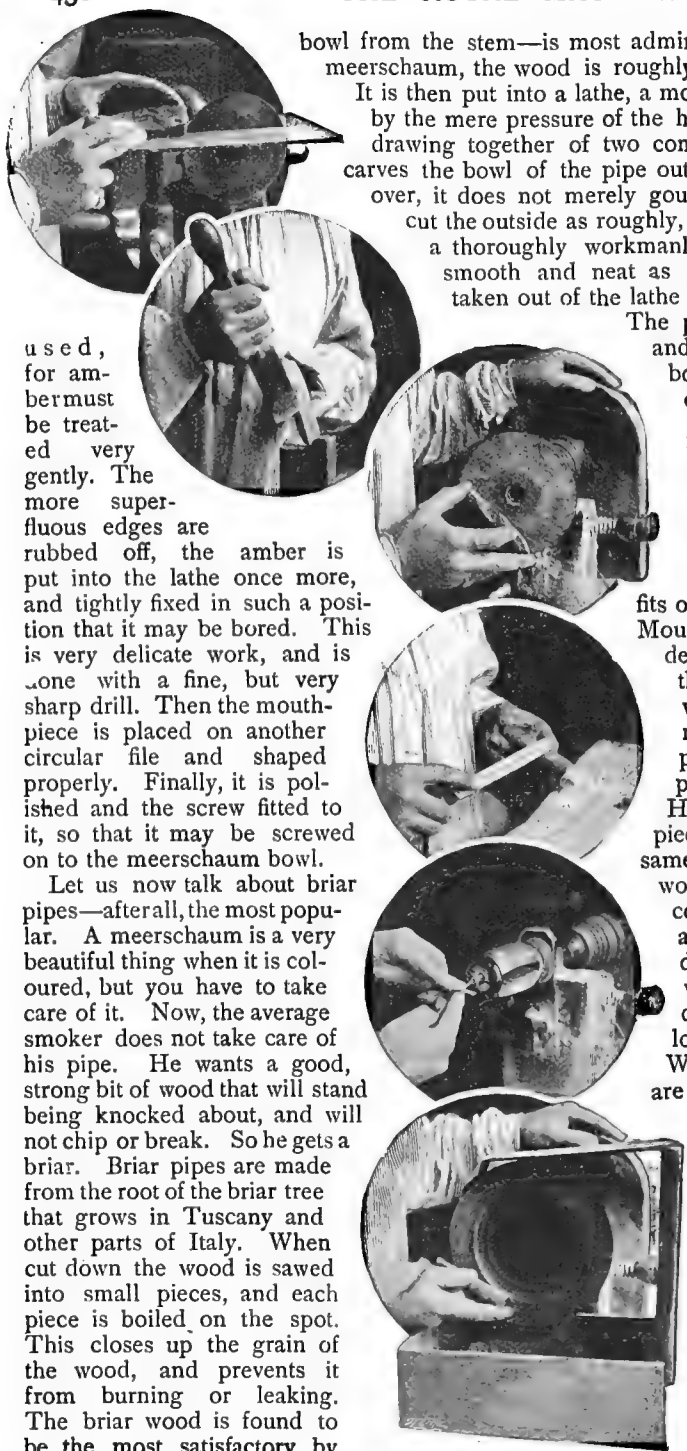

An amber mouth-piece is turned roughly into shape on a lathe, and with a chisel, then filed down with a pumice polisher and file. Then a hole is bored through it with a sharp bradawl, and it is given a final polish.

bowl from the stem—is most admired by connoisseurs. Like the meerschaum, the wood is roughly cut into the shape of a pipe. It is then put into a lathe, a most wonderful contrivance that by the mere pressure of the hand of the workman, and the drawing together of two complicated pieces of mechanism, carves the bowl of the pipe outside and inside. And, moreover, it does not merely gouge out the inside roughly and cut the outside as roughly, but the whole job is done in a thoroughly workmanlike style, and the bowl is as smooth and neat as it can possibly be when it is taken out of the lathe a few seconds after.

The pipe is put into another lathe and the stem is rounded and bored. Then a workman with a chisel trims off the projecting pieces between the stem and the bowl, for there is a point on the pipe where even the most ingenious of lathes is powerless, and the pipe is handed over to the man who puts in the mouth-piece and fits on the silver band.

Mouth-pieces for briars vary a good deal. The nicest—that is to say, the most popular—are those of vulcanite—hard vulcanite with no smell. But some people prefer bone, while a few are partial to ivory and amber.

Horn and vulcanite mouth-pieces are made in precisely the same way as amber ones. One would think that the vulcanite could be melted and poured into a mould. This is not usually done. For molten vulcanite is very soft. You all know those delightful corn cob pipes with long vulcanite mouth-pieces? Well, most of these mouth-pieces are molten. For good briar pipes, the vulcanite is cut on saws, just as the amber is cut.

The vulcanite is bought in sheets of a half to an inch and a half thick. It is as hard as wood, and can only be cut with sharp knives and chisels.

When a pipe stem of amber or an amber cigarette tube is cut, naturally the shavings and amber dust are thrown off in large quantities. This dust is collected, moistened, and compressed into a solid substance which the trade call amberoid, and which is used for cheap

used, for amber must be treated very gently. The more superfluous edges are rubbed off, the amber is put into the lathe once more, and tightly fixed in such a position that it may be bored. This is very delicate work, and is done with a fine, but very sharp drill. Then the mouth-piece is placed on another circular file and shaped properly. Finally, it is polished and the screw fitted to it, so that it may be screwed on to the meerschaum bowl.

Let us now talk about briar pipes—after all, the most popular. A meerschaum is a very beautiful thing when it is coloured, but you have to take care of it. Now, the average smoker does not take care of his pipe. He wants a good, strong bit of wood that will stand being knocked about, and will not chip or break. So he gets a briar. Briar pipes are made from the root of the briar tree that grows in Tuscany and other parts of Italy. When cut down the wood is sawed into small pieces, and each piece is boiled on the spot. This closes up the grain of the wood, and prevents it from burning or leaking. The briar wood is found to be the most satisfactory by makers; it often contains a good grain. A straight grain on a pipe—straight up the

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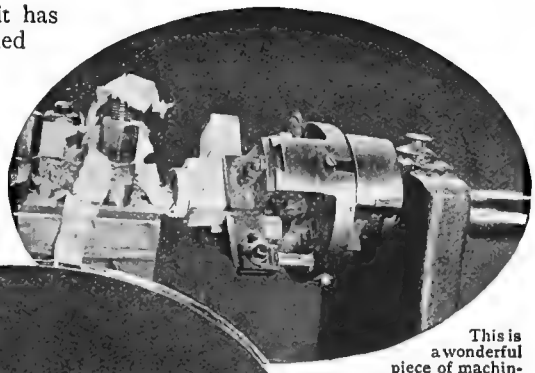
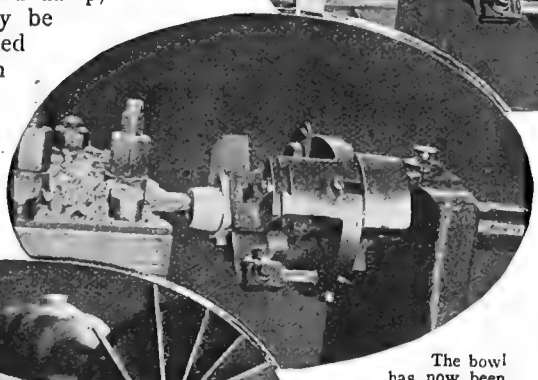
mouth-pieces and tubes. But of course it has not the beautiful appearance and the polished hard surface of the genuine amber.

Clay pipes are turned out in large quantities. The clay is mostly got from Dorset and Devonshire, in the latter county from Newton Abbot especially. The most interesting part of clay pipe making is the drying process at the end. The clay is moulded when soft and damp, and must of necessity be burned or rather baked dry. This is done in kilns, called muffle kilns where the pipes are protected from a direct contact with the flames.

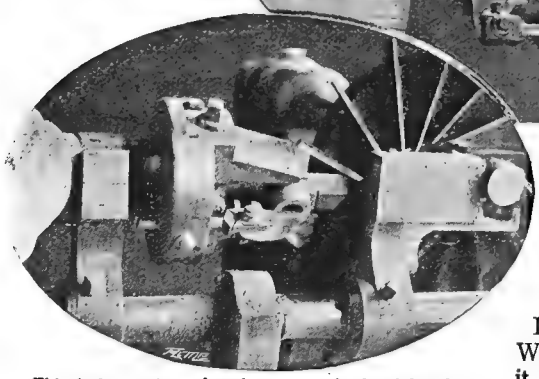
To give definite



This is a wonderful piece of machinery. The rough piece of wood is clamped into it, and with one twist of the hand, and a twirl of the lathe, the pipe bowl is cut and hollowed out.



The bowl has now been cut out and rounded off —the work of a few seconds only.

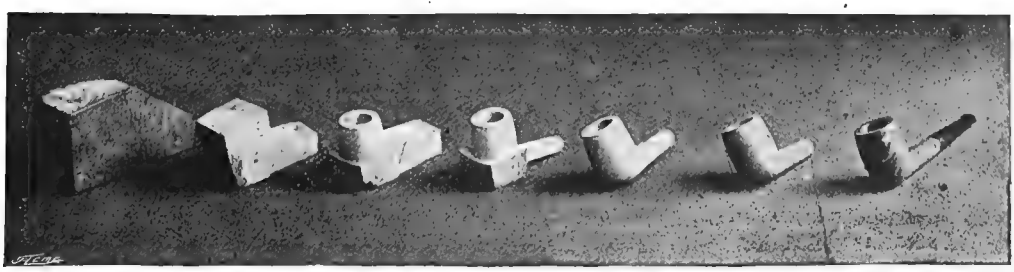


This lathe receives the pipe when the bowl has been hollowed out, and rounds the stem.

figures of the number of pipes turned out in a year by the manufacturers in the country would be well nigh impossible. The manufacturers of the London-made pipes and cigarette holders alone make nearly one hundred thousand briar pipes yearly, three and a half thousand meerschaum pipes, and about ten times that number of amber tubes. The value of all this is not far from £65,000.

Finally, if you want a pipe made in a hurry, it can be cut, polished, and fitted with stem, silver mount and all, in an hour and a half! It sounds wonderful, but it is true.

So much for the briar. A meerschaum will take longer, for it has to be carefully dried and is much more difficult to make. It will take about four and a half hours. When the meerschaum pipe is quite finished, it is put into a case of pretty red leather lined with chamois leather, and sent off to the retail shop. Then it is sold for a guinea or perhaps twenty-five shillings. You must not grumble at this price. The pipe is made of the best meerschaum and amber, the raw materials alone costing over seven-and-six. Then there are the salaries of several skilled mechanics to be paid off. Finally, if there is a flaw in the meerschaum the whole pipe has to be made again, and that is all dead loss to the makers.



A briar pipe in the various stages of its existence. On the left is the piece of briar from its home in Italy, and on the extreme right the finished pipe.

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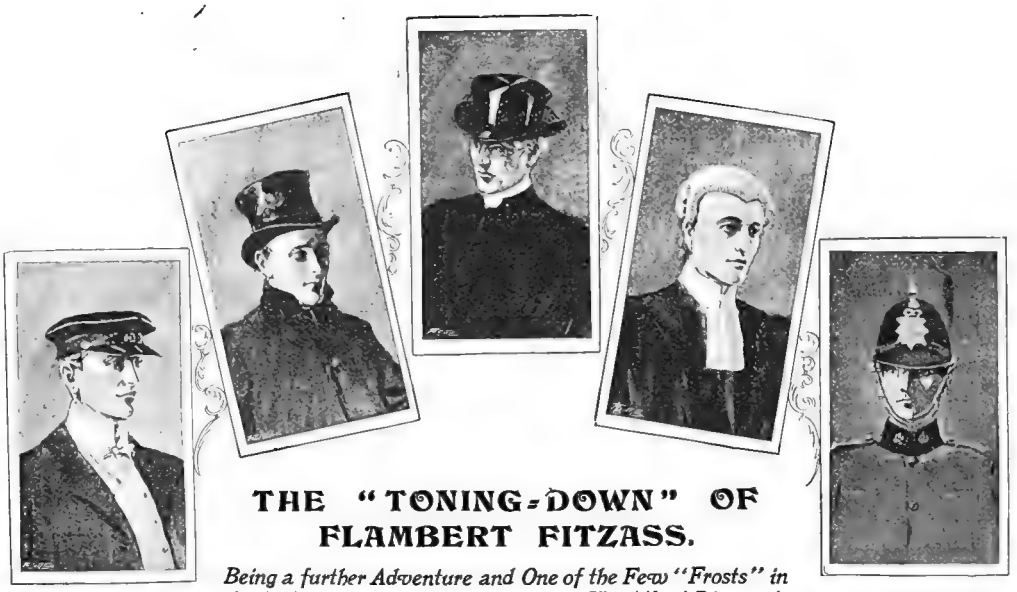

THE "TONING-DOWN" OF FLAMBERT FITZASS.

Being a further Adventure and One of the Few "Frosts" in the Audacious Career of the Notorious Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

THE HON. FLAMBERT FITZASS might, in a sense, be described as a youth of rare attainments; so rare, indeed, were they that to the casual observer they were somewhat difficult of perception. Nevertheless, the attainments must have existed, for Mr. Fitzass was eminently conscious of them himself, and, indeed, rarely ceased discussing them with his friends.

There were few things in this poor little world that he did not do—or talk of doing; few sports in which he was not an adept; few matters of which he was not a connoisseur and judge—or thought himself so. And if an opinion were sought on any subject, from dry champagne to railway accidents—so wide was his range of knowledge—the Hon. Flambert Fitzass was always ready to put his fellow man straight, and quote his own individual experiences on the matter under discussion. He had apparently been everywhere and done everything.

This Admirable Crichton, whose family "came over with the Conqueror" (a somewhat dubious honour, seeing that the Conqueror's train was chiefly composed of the most eminent robbers and cut-throats in Europe—his "train," in short, might with fairness have been labelled "third class only"), was an acquaintance of our old friend, Mr. Alfred Dimmock, known chiefly on account of the audacity and number of his practical jokes. And that gentleman had let his solemn eyes fall upon the gilded youth, and had come to a determination respecting him.

"It seems," he mused, "as though dear Flambert had been cast upon my hands for a little instruction, and Flambert must be toned down. It is my mission in life to prick such gas-bags, and I will not shrink from it, mournful though it may be to administer a lesson to one so fair—dark, I mean—so young, so beautiful (more or less) as Fitzass."

The day before coming to this noble resolution, Mr. Dimmock had received a letter from his old friend, Admiral Sir William Stanchion, of Shipston Hall, Thrustershire, asking him to come down and stay for the annual Hunt Steeplechases, and to bring with him a capable steeplechase rider, as he, Sir William, was running a horse in the Hunt Cup, and wanted a jockey for it. Mr. Dimmock scanned the invitation, and then strolled into the "Senior" "in quest of the golden youth."

For the Hon. Flambert Fitzass was decidedly more than "gilt-edged." He had thirty thousand a year, and having spent six months as a subaltern in the Guards, had then gracefully retired, as "soldierin' means gettin' up so rottenly early, don't you know, what?" he always drawled when asked his reason for so suddenly leaving the Service.

And his wealth, doubtless, accounted for the fact that his "friends" invariably kow-tow'd to him and greedily swallowed his freely-aired opinions. A man may be a great bore—but, provided he has wealth, there will be no trouble in procuring attentive listeners, bore he never so unwisely.

Mr. Dimmock discovered his intended victim smoking a gold-tipped cigarette, and laying down the law, as usual, to an admiring group of young men, who were smoking his cigars and drinking whiskeys and sodas of his ordering.

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Dimmock joined the circle, and with studied artlessness, led the conversation round to the subject of steeplechase riding. Fitzass at once plunged into the discussion, flatly contradicting Dimmock at the outset for saying that The Lamb had won the Grand National on two occasions.

"The Lamb won three times, my dear fellah," said the haughty youth. "Really, I think you must allow that I know somethin' about steeplechasin', what?"

"I should think so—rather! considering that Fitz is a regular rider in silk, himself!" chimed in one of the "paid chorus," who was probably quite aware that "Fitz" was utterly wrong in his assertion.

"Oh, is that another of your many accomplishments?" asked Dimmock demurely, as if he had never heard any bragging on this subject before.

"Rather. Always was doosed keen on steeplechase ridin', don't you know. Gives a fellah a bit of real excitement—makes one feel as if life's really worth livin', what? Don't know, I'm sure, why I don't keep 'jump racers' m'self—bit of a bore and so forth, don't you know."

"I suppose you'd always ride if a friend offered you a mount?" asked the crafty Dimmock.

"By gad! should rather think I would. Always goin' strong at *that* sort o' game, don't you know. Never saw the horse I couldn't get over the biggest course in the world—if he can jump at all."

A little murmur of approval from the satellites followed this sally. Fitzass gently removed the cigarette from his lips, and smiling in a superior manner at Dimmock, continued:

"Fact is, dear boy, that when I get up on 'em they've *got* to go—and so forth, don't you know!"

Mr. Dimmock did not pursue the subject any further. The victim was now sufficiently entangled in the meshes.

Next day the arch-schemer contrived to meet Flambert in Piccadilly, and in the course of conversation, he mentioned the invitation to Shipston Hall—carefully omitting to say that the Admiral wanted a steeplechase rider, as he was well aware that although Mr. Fitzass hunted in a red coat, he also hunted in a blue funk—and concluded by saying:

"Now, my dear fellow, why not run down with me next Tuesday—there'll be some steeplechasing to see—I know that's a subject on which you're an authority, and your opinion on the sport would be really valued down there" ("at its true worth!" he added to himself), "there'll be lots of pretty girls" (Flambert twirled his moustache ends fiercely) "and, of course, as a Guardsman, you'll cut us all out!"—here Fitzass gave vent to the peculiar throaty "Haugh-augh!" which was the nearest approach to a laugh he ever permitted himself—"and," concluded Dimmock, "the Admiral himself is a gem. What do you say?"

"Well, my dear chap, haugh-augh, it's rather allurin', ain't it? Wines sound? Comfortable crib, and so forth? Can take my own fellah, I s'pose? Admiral knows how to do you well, what? Ah—yes—think you may put me down as a starter, haugh. Toosday, eh? Good."

And on the day named, the two young men duly arrived together at the Admiral's place in Thrustershire.

Admiral Sir William Stanchion, a rough old sea-dog, was hospitality itself, and perhaps a stranger mixture of sailor and sportsman was never seen. A rare good man to hounds, he seemed absolutely indifferent to falls—of which he averaged at least twenty a season—and, hard as a brickbat himself, saw absolutely no danger in cross-country riding.

At dinner that night a large party sat down to table, including Sir William's two big, bouncing daughters—hard to beat either across country or on the lawn-tennis courts—and a couple of London-bred girl cousins—who were staying with them for the races and accompanying festivities—and these last two, Sylvia and Enid Carlyon, at once fell victims to the vapid, but aristocratic-looking, ex-Guardsman, who received their silent homage with a graciously patronising air, as though it were entirely his due.

After giving it as his opinion that "Newmarket was the only place where a donkey could be properly trained" and that "Leicestershire was really the one country it was worth a fellah's while to hunt in"—at which statements the old Admiral emitted an astonished grunt—he went on to say that he supposed they would see "somethin' amusin' with the yokels, and so forth," who were to ride at the Hunt Steeplechases on the morrow.

"Awf'ly funny sight, country race meetin's," he drawled, caressing his moustache with affectionate fingers. "The ridin's so awf'ly feeble, as a rule, don't you know. Haugh-augh!"

"I suppose you do a lot of steeplechase riding, Mr. Fitzass?" queried Miss Stanchion with rather a sceptical ring in her voice.

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Flambert smiled pityingly.

"By gad—er, beg pardon, I'm sure—ah, yes, should think so — ah — yes — goin' strong at that."

"Quite an old hand at it, aren't you, Fitz?" enquired Dimmock, artfully leading him on.

"Pretty so so. Always was keen, haugh-augh!"

"Isn't it very dangerous work?" cooed one of the London maidens, with an anxious expression.

"Haugh-augh!" came the throaty substitute for a laugh. "We can't stop to think of that, don't you know, Miss Carlyon. We go too fast to think, don't you know, and so forth!"

"Oh, Miss Carlyon, these doughty champions don't know what danger is!" exclaimed Dimmock from across the table, and Fitzass, with a glow of secret joy, pulled his moustache and tried to look indifferent.

"Danger!" snorted the Admiral. "Danger be—em—bothered. Pretty set of chaps we should have for Englishmen if young fellows were to begin thinking about the danger of steeplechase riding. Bah! people who talk of the danger always make me sick!"

"But, uncle, why should man run such risks?" persisted Sylvia Carlyon.

Here the gallant Flambert beamed upon her patronisingl·.

"My *dear* Miss Carlyon, haugh-augh! we —er—steeplechase-riders don't care twopence for the danger. S'long as we're goin' strong, don't you know, we always say—er—we say 'Good,' eh?"

The Admiral immediately adjusted his spectacles—presumably to try and see what, if any, meaning this vapid speech contained, and just then Lady Stanchion gave the signal and the ladies retired.

When, shortly afterwards, the men adjourned to the drawing-room, the Admiral drew Dimmock aside and said:

"Hope your friend's a really good man on a horse? Talks pretty big, and according to his own account, seems to have had a lot of experience of race-riding—but judging from externals, I should say that he's a monumental ass!"

"Oh, he's a great steeplechase rider, Admiral—at least, so he has always told me," replied Mr. Dimmock evasively.

Secure in the feeling that he could not be called upon to put precept into practice at the forthcoming races, and stimulated to the agreeable process of "spreading himself" by the bright, admiring glances of the Carlyon girls, Flambert Fitzass freely volunteered his opinions on steeplechase riding in general, and country race meetings in particular.

He lectured two of the guests who were riding in the steeplechases on the morrow, on the best methods of cross-country jockeyship—gave a hint or two to Mr. Martingale, the eminent gentleman rider—who merely stared at the youth in blank surprise and listened in silent disgust—and finally, electrified the Admiral by saying that he, Fitzass, "doosed nearly won the last Liverpool Grand National."

"The blazes you did!" gasped the old salt. "Why, I never even knew you had ridden in it."

"Er—no—haugh-augh! That's just it, don't you know—I didn't. But I nearly accepted the mount on a gee that finished in the first six, and so forth—so I think if I'd been ridin' I should have managed to screw the beggar home a winner, what?"

"Well, Liverpools are quite beyond our humble efforts, in Thrustershire," grunted the Admiral, "but I hope you're going to win our Hunt Cup for me on The Tsar, to-morrow."

Flambert Fitzass's face assumed a puzzled expression.

"I—er—haugh-augh! I s'pose you're jokin', Admiral. I'm not ridin', y'know—not got a mount——"

"But you're going to ride The Tsar for me," rejoined the Admiral. "I thought Dimmock had already settled it with you. However, that doesn't matter—and, of course, you've brought your boots and breeches."

The Honourable Flambert Fitzass was fairly cornered. He could not refuse the mount just after talking of his own prowess as a steeplechase rider. And beneath the battery of bright eyes around him, of shell-like ears that were listening to all he said, he *dared* not! But with all his effrontery, it was in a somewhat subdued voice that he murmured:

"Delighted, I'm sure, don't you know, and so forth. But don't let me stand in the way, if you'd like to offer the ride to any other fellah—I can always get such a lot of——"

"Not a bit of it!" interrupted the Admiral stoutly—though not fancying the appearance of Fitzass, he certainly did not intend to be left without a jockey at all. And he could not doubt that the young man according to his own account had had considerable experience of race-riding; whereas, as a matter of fact, that gentleman had never

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"Oh, Mr. Fitzass, how brave of you to accept that mount for to-morrow!"

ridden "between the flags" in his life, and not only lacked the courage necessary, but also the skill.

As soon as the Admiral had walked away, Sylvia Carlyon turned her long-lashed eyes upon the now mournful Flambert, and murmured:

"Oh, Mr. Fitzass, how brave of you to accept that mount for to-morrow! I heard my cousin Bessie say that The Tsar was a perfect brute to ride."

Poor Fitzass's heart sank to about the level of his boots. He was about to reply when Dimmock sauntered up. "You'll win to-morrow, Flambert," he said cheerily, "if you can only hold your horse together at his fences. He rushes them—in fact, that's why he's called The Tsar—see the connection with 'Rusher'?"

At the first opportunity, Fitzass got away from the little group he had been talking to, and strolling up to Mr. Martingale, said, casually:

"Ah—they tell me you're a doosed good race-rider—er—and I dare say you'd like a ride in the Hunt Cup—er—there's the Admiral's horse, now. You can have the mount on——"

"Sorry. I'm riding Craddoxtown."

"Haugh-augh!—pity—know any fellah who'd like to ride it, what?"

"No. Too late to get anyone now, I should say. Thought you were going to ride it yourself?"

"Augh, yes—s'pose so—er—thought that if you—er—or anyone else—er—*wanted* a gallop, I wouldn't mind givin' it up, and so forth, don't you know."

He turned to scan the room for some other possible substitute. But Dimmock's solemn eyes were upon him, and Dimmock himself was at his elbow suavely saying:

"Now, my dear Fitz, why all this unselfishness on your part? We all know perfectly well that you're just burning to show these yokel sportsmen how race riding should be done. Why go about to men you hardly even know by sight, and offer to sacrifice the very probable sweets of victory to-morrow to them?"

And "dear Fitz," with a sickly smile, walked, discomfited, away.

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Next morning the Honourable Flambert Fitzass's waking thoughts were not of the pleasantest description. He shivered at sight of his cold tub—glanced out of the window at the grey clouds, and then incontinently dived beneath the bedclothes again, cursing his own glib and none-too-truthful tongue, which had landed him in his present unhappy predicament.

When he, at length, dressed and got downstairs to the breakfast table, wild thoughts of feigning some illness occurred to him—a headache? not of sufficient importance; a sprained wrist, a sore throat, a—confound it all! What *could* a fellah say?

And just then, little Nelson Stanchion, just home from the *Britannia* training ship, noticing that Fitzass was eating nothing, leaned across the table and, in tones of genuine concern, said:

"I say, ain't you well? Won't you have some ham, or some of these eggs, or a bit of haddock? You're in a funk about that steeplechase, ain't you? I'm *so* sorry, but I expect you'll buck up when the time comes, all right—I always feel like that when I'm going up for an exam."

Whereat the wretched Flambert turned all manner of colours, whilst the ever-watchful Dimmock, by way of making things still pleasanter for him, chimed in with:

"My dear Nelson, don't you know that Mr. Fitzass is a famous steeplechase rider, and that such a thing as 'funk' is quite impossible in a man who has ridden in hundreds—or is it dozens, Fitz?—of these races!"

"Dozens," murmured the Honourable in a minor key, pushing away his plate and rising from the table. He wanted solitude, but he found—the Admiral.

"Hullo, slipped your cable already?" quoth the latter cheerily. "Come with me, and I'll show you your mount."

And the unresisting Fitzass was dragged off towards the stables, preceded by the Admiral and followed by Dimmock.

The Tsar was a great, slashing bay horse, with immense power behind the saddle; a pair of wide, ragged hips and a plain, sulky-looking head were also very noticeable features.

"He's a rare sort," said Sir William admiringly, "looks like jumping bang over a town, don't he?"

"Aw—yes—aw—pity I haven't had any—er—experience of him—er——"

The stud-groom, with lively memories of aching arms from the iron-jawed brute they were examining, here struck in:

"Experience of him? Oh, he'll give you plenty o' *that*, sir, in less than the first ten minutes, don't *you* fear!"

A further chill fell upon the hapless youth at this sally, and in silence he and Dimmock, leaving the Admiral in close confab with his man, passed out into the yard. Then Fitzass turned suddenly to his friend and, in confidential tones, said:

"D'you know—aw—my dear fellah—I—I don't feel at all well, somehow. Doosed unlucky—aw—because, of course, I shouldn't like to disappoint the Admiral by not riding for him to-da-——"

"Disappoint the Admiral!" broke in Dimmock with a horror-stricken face, "*disappoint* the Admiral!—my dear Fitzass, I wouldn't *dare* to do anything so rash! You don't know old Stanchion or you wouldn't speak so lightly as that! Why, he'd call you out, set the dogs on you, make his men duck you in the horsepond—oh, there's nothing he wouldn't do, nothing he'd stop at! Oh, my dear Fitzass, I know you to be a brave fellow—I have that on the best authority—your own—but do not, *do not* let your rashness precipitate you into such an awful position!"

The wretched Fitzass emitted a hollow groan as he saw his last chance of escape thus effectually barred, and turning away with his heart in his boots, he re-entered the house and sat gloomily staring out of the window, until his valet summoned him to don his riding kit.

Arrived on the course, the party on Admiral Stanchion's coach witnessed the first race, and then took luncheon. Despite all his efforts Mr. Fitzass, however, failed to join in either the feast or the merry flow of conversation. He lunched out of a tall tumbler, and then when the saddling bell rang for the Hunt Cup he descended from the coach roof, and with dejected air, accompanied the Admiral to the paddock.

The weighing-out process was at length accomplished—though slightly retarded by the fact that Fitzass first went to scale *minus* his saddle and *plus* his whip—and Sir William led his jockey off to where the big bay horse was clearing a circle round him with his heels, by the simple process of lashing out at everyone he thought within reach of them.

Then, when Fitzass, staggering under the weight of a stone and a half of lead, in addition to his saddle, arrived, the horse was stripped and saddled. Fitz thought he had never seen such a tangle of girths, surcingle,

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weight-cloths, martingale, and bandages before in his life!

He quickly approached and made a wild effort to put his toe in the stirrup; but the stud-groom whispered pityingly, "No, sir, that ain't the way!" and then proceeded to give him a "leg-up" in the orthodox style.

Directly he got into the saddle he grabbed all the four reins and the whip up together in a hopeless tangle, with one hand, whilst with the other he patted the horse's neck in a conciliatory manner, as the excitable brute fidgeted and snatched at his bridle, only anxious to get away.

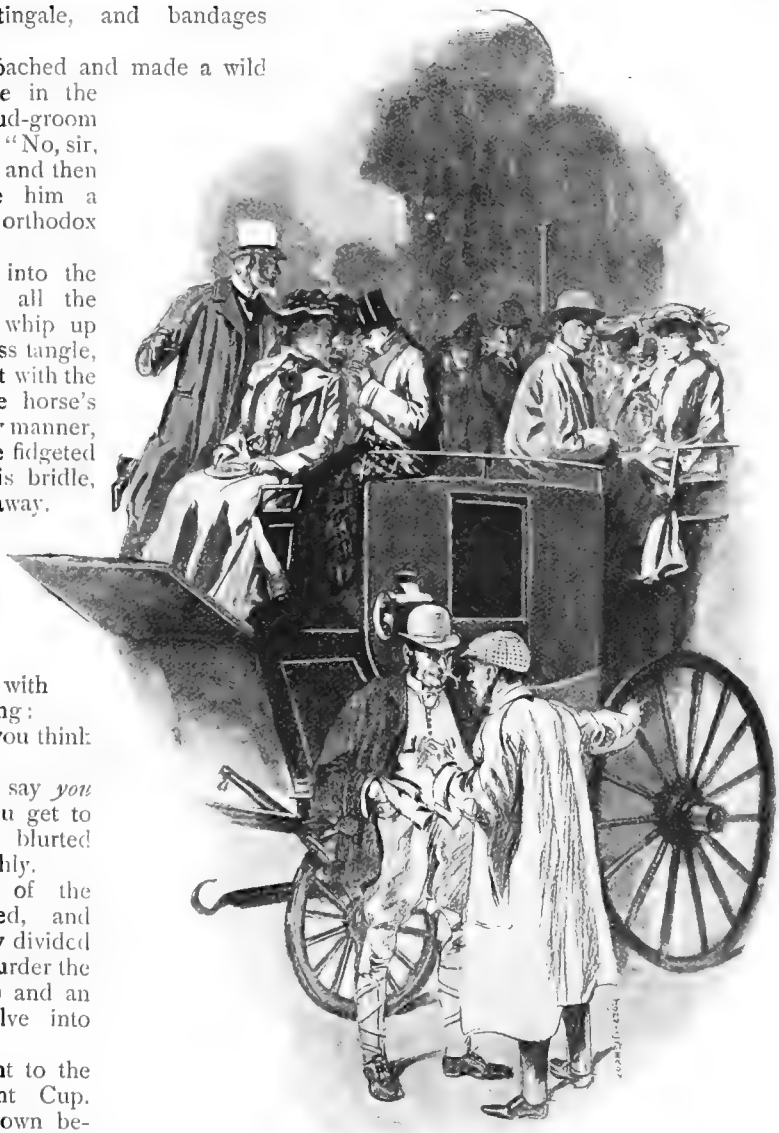
Fitzass — trying hard to appear at his ease, and failing conspicuously in the effort — asked the Admiral, who stood eyeing him with considerable misgiving:

"Augh—when d'you think we shall be off?"

"Well, I should say *you* would be before you get to the starting post!" blurted out the old salt roughly.

Whereat several of the bystanders sniggered, and Flambert felt equally divided between a wish to murder the Admiral (by deputy) and an inclination to dissolve into tears.

Nine runners went to the post for the Hunt Cup. Dimmock walked down beside his "friend," listening with secret glee to the boaster's changed and now lugubrious talk.



Mr. Fitzass failed to join in either the feast or the merry flow of conversation.

"Hate this horse—aw—don't believe he's at all a safe conveyance, don't you know—hate rushers—feel so beastly seedy too, what?—beastly saddle this is—don't half trust those girths either—er—by the way—er—if—if anythin' *should* happen, don't you know—tell Lady Barbara Bluebottle I thought of her, and so forth, just at the last—and you might also say somethin' nice to that little Carlyon girl who—who seemed so gone on me, last night, and so forth. And there's another little girl who—oh, here we are at the post. Tell——"

"Go!" yelled the starter, who had been cooling his fingers in a bitter nor'-easter, waiting for Fitzass, and didn't mean to waste any more time over the job.

With a wild rush, off went the whole field. The Tsar jumped into his bridle with a squeak and a hoist of his hind quarters that sent Flambert flying up his neck. He lost one stirrup-iron, but the blind goddess

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Chance mercifully brought him back into his saddle again, before they reached the first fence—a thick, forbidding blackthorn. Over went the first four with a crash, almost abreast, the others followed in close order, The Tsar being the actual last to come at it.

Rushing towards the obstacle at about forty miles an hour, he half jumped, half smashed through the top of it, his wretched rider again shooting up the horse's neck till he seemed to be sitting on its ears. Away again on the far side, and thundering down to the next fence, they all charged it, in close order.

The Admiral, watching the race through his glasses, grunted out to Dimmock, standing beside him on the coach roof: "Your friend's a fraud! Looks like a monkey on a stick."

"He *has* a liberal sort of seat," admitted Mr. Dimmock, deftly concealing a grin, "rides all over the horse, as it were. Still, if the *heart's* in the right place——"

"What's the good of that, if the *man* isn't?" snapped the Admiral. "By Jupiter, he was nearly off, that time!"

For at the second fence, The Tsar, muddled and confused as to his rider's intentions by the wild tugging at the reins, half stopped and then jumped the obstacle much slower than Fitzass had expected. The result was that he again left his saddle on an excursion over his horse's withers.

But as the horse got away into his stride, Fitzass once more found himself in the saddle, and by a lucky chance he also recovered his lost stirrup-iron. Wildly clutching his reins together he clung on with the calves of his legs as he had never done before in his life. The Tsar, having dropped a few lengths behind the rest, now "took charge," and boring his head down almost between his forelegs, raced along over the next field, in earnest, catching up his two hindermost adversaries, and being the actual fourth to arrive at the brook.

Here the leader jumped short and fell, whilst the second horse tumbled, neck and crop, over him. The next competitor got over in safety and carried on the running with a lead of about six lengths from The Tsar, who cleared the water with a good yard to spare, and, by surreptitiously holding on to the front of the saddle, Mr. Fitzass managed to "remain."

Round the bend swept the field—now reduced to seven—at such a pace that poor Fitz's eyes streamed with tears, which half blinded him—his hat had long since blown off, and was being towed along by the guard fastened to the back of his coat collar. The horse still pulled like destruction as they went up the narrow green riband bordered with thickly packed people on either side, past the stand.

Fitz only saw dimly a sea of faces, heard faintly the excited shouting, and realised that, fifty yards farther on, another fearsome obstacle had to be encountered—a fence with a dug-out ditch on the "take-off" side.

Poor Fitz thought that the end had come as he surveyed its forbidding proportions. As in a flash there came before his mind's eye the face of the beauteous Lady Barbara Bluebottle, of Sylvia Carlyon, of all the girls who would weep for and mourn him. He thought of his own Adonis-like beauty, of how young he was to die, of——

Whizz—crash!

They were over it, and Fitz was again on The Tsar's neck. But so accustomed had he now become to the process that he found no difficulty in slipping back again into his saddle, and on they streamed, in this miserable travesty of sport, this veritable "dance of death."

Oh, if only—if *only* he should survive! If *only* kind fortune would set him down again on his legs, instead of precipitating him violently, and perhaps fatally, "on the floor," as steeplechase riders graphically term it, how he would rejoice, how he would lead a better life, how—— "Hold up, you brute!" he shrieked as The Tsar made a slight blunder over an unimportant flight of hurdles and thus brought his melancholy meditations to an abrupt conclusion.

By a refusal and another fall, the field had now been further reduced to five, of which a beautiful mare named Twenty-four still held the lead, whilst The Tsar was lying second.

The nearest of the rest was at least a hundred yards behind, and as they made the final bend for home, it looked as though the two named would surely finish first and second.

Coming down to the water for the last time round, Twenty-four cleared the obstacle, but over-reached herself and blundered down on her head and knees. The Tsar got over in safety, and Fitz was actually left in command!

Only one fence now divided him from the winning-post, and Fitzass, with a wild dawning of hope springing to his heart, began for the first time to see that he might actually win. He let go his hold on the saddle, and waving his arms and legs about like the sails

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of a windmill, in his painful state of excitement, made the best of his way home.

He lost both stirrup irons, and dropped the reins; but by clinging desperately with both arms round his horse's neck, he still managed to avoid an ignominious acquaintance with "the floor," and the Tsar galloped on, closely pursued by the pretty, but unlucky, little mare, and amid deafening shouts (partly derisive, be it said), he passed the post, a winner by half a length.

"Well, I'm d—decidedly astonished?" observed Mr. Dimmock to himself. "For once in a way, I've been scored off. I lost a hundred over that race, and in the matter of bragging (before

They were over it——

——and Fitz was again on The Tsar's neck.

those who did *not* witness the performance!) Fitzass will be worse than ever. 'The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley!'" he quoted, with a spice of genuine sorrow in his tones. "But I don't think Mr. Flambert Fitzass will be positively *anxious* to repeat his experiences of to-day! With him it may not be a case of 'One man, one vote,' but I would take reasonable odds about its being 'One man, one steeplechase!'" he concluded grimly.

As for Mr. Fitzass, even his consummate conceit would not permit of his "bucking" about his prowess that evening. For the time being, at any rate, the toning-down process was complete.

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An extraordinary photograph of the catacombs at Guanajuato, in Mexico. The body of a dead man is allowed to remain in a vault only so long as his friends pay a yearly rent for it.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Have you any Curious Photographs? If so, don't Hesitate to Send them to the Editor of "The Royal," who is Willing to Pay you Liberally, should they Prove Suitable for Publication.

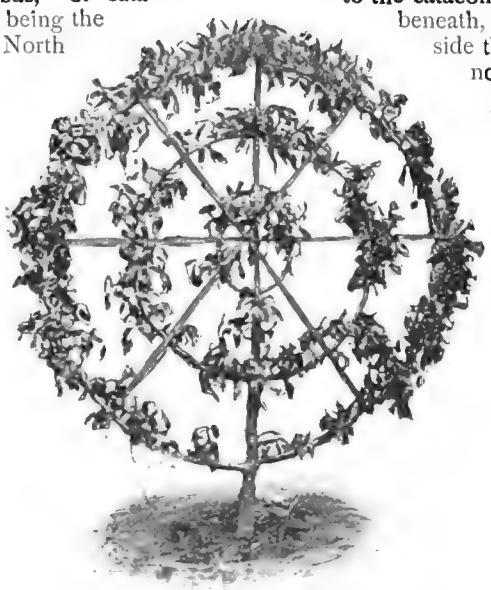
THE CATACOMBS OF MEXICO.

THE cemetery of Guanajuato, in Mexico, is that of the "catacumbas," or catacombs, remarkable for being the only catacombs in North America.

They are still in use, and the man in charge of them shows one with evident pride the neat well-kept cemetery, with its five rows of vaults, one above the other, in the thick wall.

Each of the square vaults in the wall "lets" at the rate of twelve dollars per year. When a man dies his friends deposit him in one of these places, paying a certain sum in advance.

There he remains for so long as the yearly rent is paid. But the moment the payment fails, he is taken out and transferred to the catacombs hewn out of the rock beneath, and ranged up alongside the wall with the other non-paying corpses.



One of the many curious shapes in which French nursery gardeners are wont to train their trees.

THE CULTURE OF FREAK TREES.

Dotted about the pretty rural scenery surrounding Paris are many large nurseries devoted to the culture of fruit trees and flowers, not to mention dainties for the dining tables of all classes. Among these nurseries are some whose proprietors make a speciality of the rearing of trees in all sorts of freakish shapes and designs.

Thus, visitors will frequently see a

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cherry-tree growing and flourishing in a sun design, with circles and rays complete. Horses, cows, even storks, are represented according to the taste of the artist responsible for the training of the branches.

Needless to say, the greatest care is necessary in the rearing of these freaks, the young tree, from its infancy, always being watched and tended most assiduously.

There is a great demand for these young trees by owners of private gardens, who often pay high prices for a more than usually grotesque specimen.

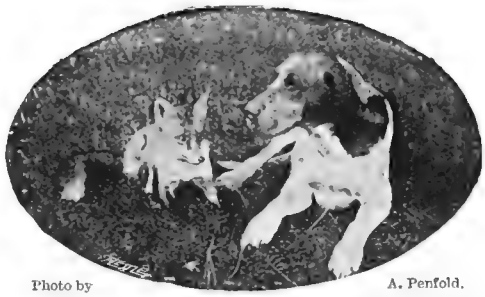

Photo by A. Penfold.

This fox was brought up with a pack of hounds, and lives with them on the friendliest of terms.

AN AFFECTIONATE PAIR.

Here is a photograph of a fox that has been brought up by its natural enemy, a hound. The fox was caught when a cub, and has lived all its life with the pack of hounds, with whom it is very friendly. The big dogs are exceedingly kind to the little fellow, and he lives on the best of everything, and probably enjoys his life much more as a household pet than he would have done had he been left to his own resources in the fields to be caught and killed by the hunter, with a pack of hounds thirsting after his blood. This extraordinary pair are the property of Mr. Walter Winans, of Surrenden Park, Pluckley, Kent.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The effect of light and shade on certain flowers is indeed extraordinary. Here are two photographs of a bunch of "Stars of Bethlehem," which are specially sensitive. They were picked from their sunny bed and photographed. On being taken into the shade they closed up their petals almost at once, when they were photographed again. The fact that the petals of the flowers are a brilliant white on the upper side, and a dull green on the lower side, makes the contrast all the more striking.

After the second photograph had been taken, the flowers were once more put out into the sun; and in a few minutes they again lifted their peaceful heads and opened their dazzling petals to the warmth of the sun's rays—this, of course, showing that it was not merely the fact that they had been plucked from the parent plant that had caused them to close up.

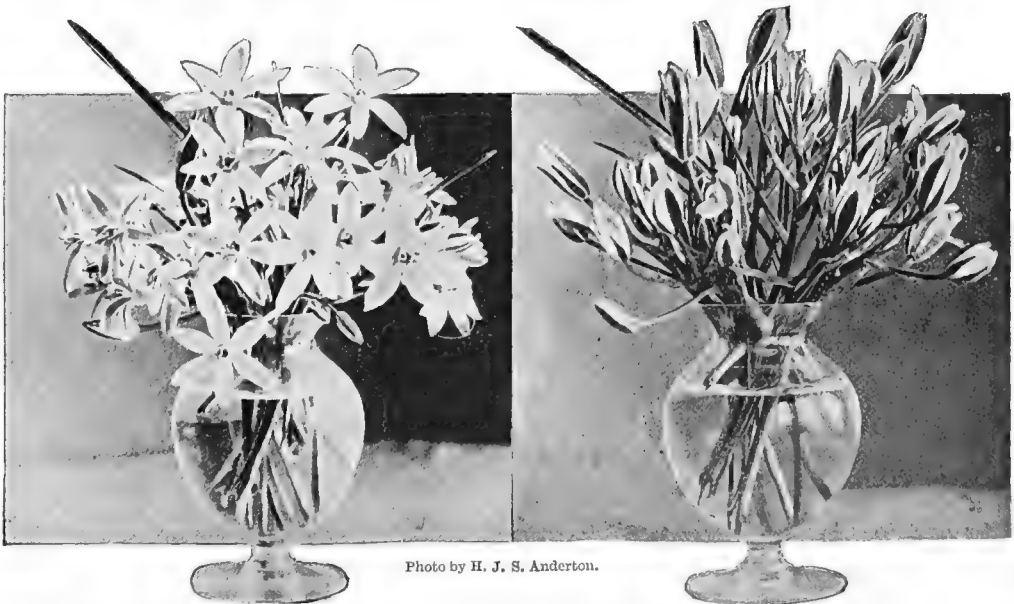

Photo by H. J. S. Anderton.

The extraordinary effect of light and shade. The first photograph was taken when the flowers stood in the sun, the second after they had been placed for a few minutes in the shade.

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Human Lightning-Conductors.

A Wonderful Couple who Store Electricity in their Bodies.

By C. Hyde.

Illustrated with photographs by Kenderdine, Blackpool.

"Will some lady or gentleman kindly step on to the stage?" Monsieur and Madame Salambo, the human electric accumulators, are ready and waiting to give their remarkable performance. The usual self-conscious young man goes on to the stage, perfectly confident that he can show up the business, for he has already explained to his friends that "It is all footle, you know."

At the request of Madame Salambo, he takes hold of the end of a long, hollow glass tube, while the lady herself holds the other end. There is a flash, and the rod is lighted up with electricity. You would laugh to see that young man's face.

He is invited to touch Monsieur and Madame, and wherever his fingers come in contact with the electric pair, a series of long, brilliant sparks are emitted.

It is uncanny, to say the least of it, when

For Madame Salambo it is the easiest thing in the world to make an electric spark a yard long shoot from her arm.

M. Salambo thinks nothing of flourishing his fingers in his wife's face—and sending a few electric sparks from their tips. She does not mind, though other people might.

these two produce arc lights by simply holding in their hands sticks of carbon, and so strong is the current passing through their bodies that the strength of the light is in no way diminished when the carbon is thrust into a bowl of water.

"And now a little exhibition of wireless telegraphy," says Monsieur Salambo. The aforesaid young man—not quite so confident by now—holds a box containing a receiver and bell. The performer stands a yard or two away and makes a few passes with her hands in the direction of the box. Marvellous to relate, at each pass the bell is heard to ring! The trick is done again, this time the box being placed high up in the theatre, and the bell never fails to ring each time the performer stretches a hand towards it.

Not only do this talented pair perform marvellous feats with the electricity with which their bodies are mysteriously filled, but they are adepts at blowing yards of flame from their mouths, and as lightning calculators they are immense.

"A curious incident caused me to adopt the study of electricity," Monsieur Salambo tells me. "I had just arrived at my home in Australia, after completing my university career in California. One of those violent thunderstorms that are so common in that country was raging at the time.

"I was watching the storm, when a flash of lightning struck the house, severely injuring

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A bright electric spark formed out of the electricity stored in the bodies of the two performers.

my mother and sister, who were standing beside me. I myself was untouched. Then, a curious thing happened. The family Bible was struck, and all save a couple of verses on a certain page was obliterated. I was so impressed by this that I resolved to take up the study of electricity, and at once set to work on the papers and books of my father—a well-known chemist and electrician of the time.

"I used to fill myself with electricity, increasing the charge until I can now accommodate as much as twelve hundred and eighty volts—not bad for mere flesh and blood."

Monsieur and Madame Salambo have travelled all over the world, and have exhibited before the strangest of nationalities. Their experiences would fill a book of no mean size, and would be of unusual interest.

They were engaged by a Chinese company at the Palm Lung Theatre in Shanghai once to provide the necessary diabolic element in a Chinese romantic play.

So remarkable and realistic was the performance that the native actors, who were watching in the wings, suddenly took fright and rushed upon the two with knives and revolvers.

Then followed the most exciting chase, the actors, in their gaudy costumes and the huge head-dresses and masks so much admired by the Celestials, running after them down the street, waving their knives and firing their pistols at the terrified pair. Had they not met a friendly police picquet they would have fared very badly indeed.

Very different was the welcome they received at the hands of the fire worshipping Parsees, who followed them about from place to place, under the impression that they were gods and, therefore, objects of veneration. So attached were these good friends that it was quite a hard job to get rid of them.

Monsieur and Madame Salambo have had some very nasty accidents during their interesting career. In India they conceived the idea of performing on the broad back of an elephant; but unfortunately the huge animal was as sensitive to electricity as human beings are, and feeling the shock of many hundreds of volts he seized Monsieur Salambo with his trunk and dashed him to the ground, considerably injuring him.

A boa constrictor once fell upon Madame Salambo, and maddened by the pain of the shock, for the lady was fully charged with over a thousand volts, he closed his lengthy form round her and started to crush her. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was saved

Madame Salambo will pinch her husband's ear—and with this slight assistance he will blow out a gallon or two of aerial electricity.

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A Cool Ten Thousand

The Tale of a Girl who would not Marry for Money.

By Fred Whishaw.

While the marriage party was still in the vestry giving and receiving congratulations, signing registers and so forth, old Sir Thomas Cauderby stepped casually up to his nephew George Robson, the happy bridegroom, and pressed an envelope into his hand.

"Put it in your pocket, my boy," he said. "I hope it will be useful to you."

George thanked his uncle and thought but little of the matter at the moment, though he whispered to his bride that old Uncle Tom had not, after all, forgotten his wedding present, as they had laughingly feared. "It's a cheque," George added. "If it's a tenner we'll get that old silver teapot, if it's only a fiver, there's always the sugar basin."

But to George's enormous astonishment and delight, when he tore the envelope open, presently, in order to see what was inside, he found there a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

Uncle Tom did not appear at the reception, so that George was unable to express his gratitude in person. He took his brother Godfrey aside.

"I want you to do something for me, old man," he said. "Look here." He showed his cheque.

"Great Scott—ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed Godfrey. "Why—that means a living income, man, straight away!"

"Well, I intend to make it mean four hundred a year, at any rate. I want you to go and see Uncle Tom for me—we're off by the 2.32 for Dorsetshire, you know—and tell him I am positively struck all of a heap by his munificence, and so is Daisy. I'll write, of course, but I should like you to see him as soon as we've gone, if you will."

Godfrey did so. He called upon Uncle Tom as soon as the newly wedded couple had been duly seen off at the station.

Sir Thomas was pleased to hear of George's delight and surprise. He had always given his nephews to understand that he could do little or nothing for them, though a rich man, by reason of nearer relatives in the shape of sons and daughters and a wife still living. Sir Thomas was a city knight and had passed the Civic chair; his money had been made by patience, diligence, and commercial talent, and he had no intention to allow any of it to leave his hands incautiously.

"George asked me to say that it came so absolutely unexpectedly," Godfrey explained, "that he was simply struck 'all of a heap'; your present will make a tremendous difference to his comfort and well-being as a married man; he says he means to get four hundred a year out of it; it's a good bit more than his entire pay as a captain in the Upshires."

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"Ha—four hundred—well, you can tell him if he likes to leave the investing of the money to me, I don't know but he may find it'll be five or six," said old Sir Thomas, greatly pleased. "I like George, and I like Daisy; I like young chaps to marry—I told George so, and by gad, he followed my advice!"

As a matter of fact, though Uncle Tom had actually counselled George to take to himself a wife, his advice had been entirely superfluous, for George had never intended to do otherwise and had—indeed—already fallen in love with Daisy when the old man spoke of the advisability of marriage. Godfrey did not think it necessary to explain this, though he happened to be one of those austerely honest people whose consciences rebel at allowing other persons to rest under misconceptions.

Uncle Tom continued:

"I intend to do the same for you, my boy," he said, "on the day of your marriage."

Now Sir Thomas had, as it happened, already spoken to Godfrey, just as he had counselled George, upon the subject of matrimony, and, whereas George had replied as one who cordially agrees with the opinions of the adviser, Godfrey had shaken his head and answered that he was not a marrying man. He had his own views, he explained, as to the advisability of clergymen marrying, and though his opinions were not as yet ironcast, yet he was quite inclined to hold strong views as to the celibacy of the clergy.

Godfrey now flushed and replied that he was afraid that day might never arrive, at any rate not in the near future.

"Come, you haven't made up your mind, I hope,' 'said Sir Thomas. "I've lived longer than you, my lad, and I can tell you there isn't a doubt men ought to marry; we're meant to marry; married men lead better and happier lives——"

"Other men, other manners, uncle!" Godfrey laughed, and the laugh irritated Sir Thomas, whose temper was ever somewhat easily roused.

"Maybe you'll think better of the matter, now you know there's ten thousand pounds in it," he said. "Go home and think it over, and don't talk to me like a conceited young fool next time we speak of the matter."

"I hope I shall not do that, uncle, in any case," said Godfrey, nettled also. "But you surely don't expect me to alter my convictions in order to secure a sum of money?"

"Oh, that's as you like. There's the money, if you want it. Maybe your convictions will change. Anyway, and even if they are such as you suggest, anyone that wasn't a fool would reconsider them if he became aware that an income of four hundred a year depended on his changing them."

"Thanks, uncle, I'm not so dishonest," said Godfrey. "I'm afraid I shall have to go without your money. I can live on my stipend." Sir Thomas looked a little ashamed.

"Well, well—I meant it kindly. I shall be sorry if we quarrel over it. You're a good fellow, Godfrey, but conceited; it's a fault of youth and maybe you'll get over it. You can live on your stipend, no doubt; but as a clergyman, think of the good money might do in your parish. You won't be a curate for ever, I take it, and with a substantial income to help you, think of the distress you can relieve; the thousand and one things money can do in a poor parish."

"Yes—that's all quite true, uncle. Moreover, I admit your kindness; it is very great, and I assure you I am not ungrateful. At present I feel tolerably certain that I shall never marry."

"I'll give you a year to make up your mind," was the old man's final pronouncement.

Godfrey was somewhat depressed by this conversation. He felt that he had done the right thing, indeed; but the sacrifice he had made for the sake of his convictions was a terrible one. Four hundred pounds a year! The possibilities of good involved in the possession of such an income, over and above his stipend, were enormous. Was he right in refusing even to consider the matter?

"Of course I was!" he told himself. "My opinions and convictions are not for sale at ten thousand pounds the lot."

Nevertheless, the idea of that comfortable little income thrown into the gutter, as someone to whom he confided the story expressed it, was constantly with him, and Godfrey often found himself totting up the various ways in which such moneys might be laid out for the good of needy and suffering fellow creatures. Worse, he sometimes caught himself regretting that he should have been obliged to refuse the money, or rather the conditions upon which the money was to be had.

Probably it is quite unnecessary to mention that there were in the parish to which Godfrey was attached, as curate, several ladies who would have been charmed to assist him to qualify for the prize held out to him by his uncle.

One or two would gladly have won the regard of the handsome curate under any circumstances, but he had never shown

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preference for any, preferring to ignore the voice of each charmer, charm she never so ardently.

Now that the tale of Godfrey's great opportunity had spread there were quite a number of young women who reflected with a sigh that if the fates had only been willing, they too, would have been willing, and more than willing, to enter for the race.

But with the story of Godfrey's opportunity came also the tale of his refusal to embrace that opportunity, and such few hopes as may have been entertained by devoted maiden hearts must have been faint ones.

A month after his brother's wedding, however, destiny began to get to work.

Godfrey took part in a tennis tournament —a private one—and drew, for partner, Miss Dorothy Templeton, whose service was excellent and her returns most "useful"; whose eyes were roguish and her ways alluring; whose complexion was very charming and her figure a dream.

Godfrey was a keen tennis player, and, playing well himself, was inclined to admire good players of the opposite sex. He and his partner won the little tournament and made friends over the transaction. He met her once or twice during the following week, and, at the end of it, awoke suddenly to the fact that he was feeling more interest in this small, but fascinating person, and more inclination to meet her again and again than was consistent with his principles or convictions, or whatever he may have been pleased to call them.

"This won't do," thought Godfrey; and by a supreme effort of will he actually refused an invitation to a garden party at which, he knew, he would meet Miss Templeton. The result of this piece of self-abnegation was a feeling of gratification for duty done which was quite overshadowed by another feeling—one of discontent, boredom, anger with himself for having acted like a fool, in that he had denied himself quite unnecessarily an innocent pleasure.

"It *is* an innocent pleasure," he assured himself. "One needn't want to marry a girl just because one likes to see and talk to her!"

Godfrey felt sulky and went out to walk off his ill-humour. He walked through the lanes towards the river, and in a shady, flowery place he came suddenly upon Dorothy herself, sitting on the sloping bank in the shade of a tree. Dorothy looked pale and was evidently suffering, though she smiled and greeted him.

"You have made quite a providential appearance," she said. "I have twisted my ankle so badly that I cannot walk." Dorothy further explained that she had climbed the steep bank to pick wild roses from the hedge and had tried to jump down into the lane, when her ankle had twisted under her.

Godfrey half supported, half carried the girl homewards. The house in which she was staying lay but half a mile away along the river bank.

Godfrey could not well have done anything else. If you had told him that he had come along this lane in the hope of meeting Dorothy going to her tennis party, Godfrey would have considered the matter, after his own judicial manner and would—no doubt—have assented to the suggestion; but since there was no one to put the idea forward it did not occur to Godfrey; nevertheless, it was so.

Dorothy's ankle was very painful. Godfrey was obliged to let her rest awhile. He had soaked his handkerchief in the river and bandaged or assisted her to bandage, the sprained part, just above the instep. Dorothy's foot was an extremely neat one.

At the house he left her with her friends.

On the following day Godfrey went to inquire after his injured friend—he could scarcely do less, he assured himself, if he wished to be considered a gentleman.

Dorothy was lame for a week and Godfrey called every day. Having been present—it might be said—at the time of the accident, he could scarcely do less than make daily inquiries as to Dorothy's progress.

Meanwhile Godfrey's inclination Dorothy-ward did not escape observation. There were many eyes that observed it. Among others Grace Melvy saw it, and the sight hardened her heart against Godfrey, her heart that had been so softly disposed towards him.

Grace made friends with Dorothy. She did so with a purpose. Dorothy should learn the truth about this adorable young man who was going to marry somebody—anybody—in order that he might touch the ten thousand pounds premium offered him for the purchase of his silly convictions or whatever the man cared to call them.

"I don't believe it," said Dorothy, flushing red with shame and anger when Grace presently—after a week or two of growing intimacy with her new friend—broached the subject of Godfrey and his doings. "Of course his affairs are nothing to me—I know nothing of them, he has never spoken to me of such matters; but, judging from my knowledge of his character I do not believe he would sell his convictions."

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"Oh, he naturally would not speak of the matter to you; just think—would he be likely to do so? But it is certain that whereas he was barely courteous to girls up to the time when his uncle's condition was imposed, *since* that day he has been somewhat attentive to one or two—one, perhaps, especially. The observant mind will form its own conclusions."

"I think you—you are entirely misjudging the man," said Dorothy. "As I said before, it is nothing to me; but I think you are wrong."

"Well, I meant kindly by you, dear; I thought I would just warn you, that's all, in case——"

"*Warn* me—what do you mean? I require no warning——"

"I was going to say, in case you should be inclined to attach any weight to his apparent infatuation for you; I say apparent because you might mistake it for real, whereas the whole parish is enjoying his conduct as a huge joke."

"I think it is horrid of people to be so uncharitable; what has the parish to do with a man's private convictions? If he saw cause to alter his opinion on any subject would he not have as much right to do so as any other person?" Dorothy felt furiously angry with her companion, whose motives—as a matter of fact—were by this time perfectly clear to her.

"That's all very well, my dear," laughed Grace, "but the affair of the ten thousand pounds to be earned within twelve months upsets all kinder ways of regarding his conduct. The wife to be chosen is so obviously the pill to be swallowed; the ten thousand pounds are so obviously the spoonful of jam to sweeten the dose!"

The next time Grace Melvy came to see her new friend she was informed that Miss Templeton was not at home, though she had just watched her walk up the drive one hundred yards in front of her and enter the house.

Godfrey soaked his handkerchief in the river and bandaged the sprained part.

"Good," thought Grace, "she is still furious with me, and that means that she knows I have opened her eyes to the truth. She'll hate me now, but it doesn't matter; I got my say in!"

The inevitable happened, of course.

Within a week or two of the above conversation, Godfrey had quite persuaded himself that he must marry Dorothy. Moreover, he was no longer sure that, under the circumstances, he would be justified in refusing to qualify for his uncle's gift. The poor of his parish—he was to have one of his own next year—what a difference would this four or five hundred pounds a year, or the greater part of it, make in their well being!

But poor Godfrey was destined to receive an unpleasant jar of surprise and mortification when he came to lay his case before Dorothy. He went confidently forth to claim the

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"It is a delicious feeling that you should have paid ten thousand pounds for me!"

wife that he had chosen in obedience to the dictates of expediency. It never occurred to him that he might meet with a rebuff.

Dorothy listened to his proposal with mounting colour. She was quite prepared for it and knew how she intended to receive it, but she found the carrying out of her intention more difficult than she expected.

"What *you*, the professed celibate?" she said, when he had finished, laughing merrily. "What has become of your convictions, Mr. Robson?"

"They were not stereotyped," Godfrey faltered, puzzled and confused by the girl's attitude, which he had not expected. "Circumstances have led me to change my opinions, though how you should know anything about my former convictions with regard to matrimony I cannot imagine."

"Oh, they are the talk of the parish. I will tell you something else that is said also; it is said that you have not changed your opinions but sold them for a sum of money——"

"Miss Templeton, you are cruel and unjust; someone has been poisoning your mind against me; who has told you this?"

"Tell me that it is untrue and I will then answer your question. Do you deny that you have been promised a sum of money on condition that you become engaged within a certain period and that this promise has influenced you in making to me the flattering proposal to become your wife."

Poor Godfrey hung his head for very shame. How could he deny the fact? He knew that he had foolishly told himself but yesterday that, perhaps, under the circumstances, as vicar designate of a poor parish, he ought to qualify for his uncle's gift.

"I see that you are confused and that I have been informed correctly," said Dorothy. "You will find a confederate no doubt, Mr. Robson; other girls may view the matter differently; as for myself I decline to enter with you into the conspiracy for securing a sum of money from your relative under false pretences."

"There are no false pretences," Godfrey tried to say, but the words would scarcely form themselves upon his lips. He was in the very act of making a great and terrible discovery, namely, that he was over head and ears in love with this girl, that the securing of the ten thousand pounds was absolutely nothing in comparison with the vitally important consideration of winning Dorothy's heart, and that with selfish blindness and

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folly he had done his very best—by confusing the issue—to defeat the object which he now clearly recognised as of absolute and paramount importance to his happiness.

"There are no false pretences," he stammered. "I love you, Dorothy. It is true that I—I have changed my opinions as to matrimony; it is possible that my uncle's offer may have influenced me, it is difficult to speak with certainty; I have a poor parish to think of, but if the sum were a million pounds it would make no difference to me in this matter. I mean to sacrifice the money altogether since you consider that my motive in speaking to you has been——"

Dorothy interrupted him with a laugh.

"I think you are saying too much," she cried. "You will be sorry. No, Mr. Robson, you have made a little mistake this morning, but I will forget what you have said. You will have no difficulty in finding a confederate—it would be a pity to sacrifice so large a sum—ten thousand pounds, is it not?—it is sad that you should be obliged to swallow your convictions for the sake of the money—I do not think there is any more to be said——"

"Dorothy," he cried passionately, "let me prove that I am not the cheat and humbug you think me—I will prove it whether you will or no—you shall see."

"It would be pleasant, certainly, to see your conduct in a more favourable light," she replied, "at present, I think, enough has been said."

When Godfrey had departed Miss Templeton went up to her room and cried. Meanwhile Godfrey returned home with his head buzzing. "She is quite right," he told himself. "I might have known a girl like Dorothy would take this view of it!"

In his misery and anger and mortification Godfrey sought a victim. By way of improving matters he selected his uncle in that capacity.

"I may marry eventually and I may not," he wrote, "but, at any rate, I must repudiate once and for all any intention to fulfil the conditions you were pleased to lay down when you kindly made me the offer of ten thousand pounds. I am obliged for your liberality, but upon reconsidering the matter I am compelled to confess to you that the very idea of the bargain or transaction suggested is offensive to me and inconsistent with my views of dignity and independence."

Uncle Tom simply wrote back pointing out that his offer remained in force until June 8th, the original limit; he made no remarks upon Godfrey's letter.

Godfrey avoided Miss Templeton as much as possible during the ensuing months, though they met occasionally. But on June 9th he called and was fortunate enough to find her alone.

"I have come to prove that however interested my behaviour may have appeared to you, I was at least sincere in—in what I said!" he began. Dorothy was pale and looked thin.

"If that can be proved, please prove it—I will gladly listen," she said.

"My year of grace is out; my uncle's offer has lapsed to-day; I can no longer claim the prize he offered me—yet I am more than ever anxious to be married——"

"Do you mean that you have given up those ten thousand pounds?"

"Yes—the money's gone, thank Heaven—the idea was preposterous."

"And you gave it up—to prove——"

"Dorothy, you must know well why I gave it up; it was to prove that I want not it, but *you*, and that I must have you, or——"

* * * * *

"I suppose we must have come together sometime or other in any case," she said presently, sighing happily; "but, oh, it is a delicious feeling that you should have paid ten thousand pounds for me!"

A day or two after Godfrey's wedding—which occurred on September 10th of the same year—he came with an air of contrition to make a confession to his young bride. "I don't know how you'll take it," he said; "but I've got something to confess."

"Tell me the worst," she laughed, "I don't think it can be very bad."

"Look at that!" he placed a letter in her hands, something fell out; she picked it up—it was a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

"It looks rather as if I had married you under false pretences, doesn't it?" he said. "But I give you my word it was not a put-up job. Uncle Tom has relented, but I didn't know he was going to. You'll believe me, now you know me a bit better, won't you?"

Dorothy believed. Being an extremely sensible person she was very glad to see that cheque.

"Uncle Tom must be a dear old man and you must introduce me as soon as possible," she said. "He has behaved like a brick!"

All things considered, he certainly had.

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Cruising On Tin Cans

A New Way of Travelling on the Water —Original, but not Likely to be Generally Adopted.

By Stanley White.

To control the untamed steed, to walk through space upon the slender wire—such are wonderful feats, yet many there are who can do them. To career down the rapid river with nothing between the feet and the swirling waters but a block of empty tins is quite as extraordinary, and much more novel. This feat belongs to but one man, and he is the champion log-roller.

Tom Barton is a little wiry Londoner, but a Londoner who has known what it is to rough it in the wilds of Canada. In 1887 he left his native Fulham and became a lumberman on the Ottawa River. The duties of the lumberman are peculiar. They consist in controlling herds of huge logs, which, having been hewn in their native forests, are turned into the river to float with the tide hundreds of miles citywards.

Like a circus rider who skips from horse to horse while all are going at full speed, so the lumberman jumps from log to log, here using his pole to extricate a log which has been caught in the tangled brushwood, and there dispersing a cluster drawn by the currents under the lee of a river islet.

It is dangerous work. A false step and the lumberman would find himself struggling in the water, and he would be lucky if he escaped being crushed to death between the masses of timber which are in constant violent collision through the force of the tide.

Barton enjoying a rest while cruising on his "log," made, by the way, of empty tins. He is equally at home standing, sitting, or lying at full length on his back.

After his return to England Mr. Barton's attention happened to be attracted towards a pile of tall tins, which had been put on one side in a grocer's shop. Possibly their log-like shape set him thinking. Anyhow, he went into the shop, and bought up a number. Each tin is a foot in length, and a foot in diameter. It was Mr. Barton's idea to form a nine-foot log. So he took nine of the tins to a plumber to be soldered together.

The first momentous trial was made upon the artificial lake at Wandsworth in the depth of winter. The weather was not ideal for the experiment. In addition to a big gale there was

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a downfall of snow and sleet. The cylinder launched, Barton stepped gingerly upon it, and the next moment found himself well out in the centre of the lake. More by luck than skill he was borne in safety to the opposite side, and was quite satisfied to leave further experiments till another day.

Since that eventful occasion Barton has given several public exhibitions of his unique powers, all of which have excited very great popular interest. The first of these was in last November, when he rode his tin log with the tide from Battersea Bridge to the Tower of London. At the best of times the tin is so fragile and light that it requires the utmost skill and nerve to manage it. But on this occasion the cold was intense, and it is marvellous that Barton was not absolutely benumbed.

People on the bridges muffled up in scarves and overcoats were almost frozen, but Barton had no warmer clothing than a water costume, the while his balancing pole was literally festooned with icicles. What made the occasion still more trying was a river fog, which greatly increased the danger of collision with passing craft or with bridge escarpments. The distance of five and a half miles was covered in two and a half hours, and, in spite of the fog, the novel performance was watched by many thousands of curious folk.

Barton can perform on his "log" with great ease and considerable variety of position.

With the aid of his balancing pole he can maintain himself in almost any position——

——and when he feels hungry, he finds no difficulty in taking a meal.

Barton can sit down on a chair with a table at his knees. The chair and table are handed him from a boat, and when he has got them nicely fixed he proceeds to make himself a cup of Bovril, which he takes on these trips in preference to anything alcoholic. The slightest drop of an intoxicant, he says, would cause him to lose his balance. Barton is not always content to be seated on his chair. Sometimes he takes it into his head to climb on to the seat and stand upright upon it, the meanwhile brandishing flags.

Should you get a chance of witnessing this performance, don't miss it. It is the best thing of the kind to be seen.

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Mrs Martin's Missing Hat

By James Raymond Perry

How a Writer of Detective Stories Grappled with a Real Mystery.

Mrs. Martin's hat had vanished in a manner most inexplicable. The circumstances surrounding the mystery are herein set down.

When the Prescotts gave their party the Bruces offered them a part of their flat as cloak rooms for the guests, the Bruces' flat being directly under the Prescotts'.

A room at the back of the drawing-room was assigned to the ladies, while the gentlemen left their hats in the front room.

The Bruces were invited, but a toothache and swollen face prevented Mrs. Bruce attending. Mr. Bruce went, but several times during the evening he descended to see his wife and cheer her against loneliness.

Also two or three guests, who were intimate friends of the Bruces, were permitted to see her at the back of the flat, where she kept herself during the evening. When refreshments were served Mrs. Prescott thoughtfully provided a tray for Mrs. Bruce, and Bruce took it down and they cosily had "supper" together.

It wasn't until several of the guests had gone, and those who were left were out in the dining-room being tardily served, that Bruce overheard one of the ladies saying to Mrs. Prescott:

"It is the strangest thing! Mrs. Martin couldn't find her hat anywhere; and now she's gone home without it. She remembered just where she left it—on a chair near the sideboard; and when she looked it wasn't there, nor anywhere in the room. She left her purse, too, with a good bit of money in it, and that wasn't disturbed; so it couldn't have been thieves that took it. It's the strangest thing!"

Mrs. Prescott merely looked annoyed, but said nothing. Bruce heard but imperfectly the whole speech, but enough reached him to give him the sense that something was missing.

"By Jove!" he mentally ejaculated, "has something been stolen from our flat during the evening? Why, Mary's been down there all the time; nobody could have entered from the back without her knowing it, and thieves could not pass the Prescotts' man down in the hall without him seeing them."

Later, when the guests had departed, Mr. Bruce questioned Mrs. Prescott.

"Yes," she said, "Mrs. Martin couldn't find her hat. She left it on a chair by the sideboard, she said, and when she went to get it, it was gone."

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"And nothing else was missing? None of the other guests lost anything?"

"No."

Bruce went down and looked carefully through the flat. Nothing seemed to have been taken; everything was in its place, just as when they lent it for the evening to the Prescotts.

Then he began hunting for the hat. Under bed and wardrobe and in the cupboard he looked, and then in the other rooms; but no trace of the missing hat was found.

"It's very strange, Dick! How do you suppose it could have disappeared so mysteriously? Somebody must have taken it," Mrs. Bruce said.

"I don't know; it looks that way, certainly. But none of the guests would have taken it. Besides, Mrs. Martin was one of the first to leave, so the others didn't have a chance, even if they wanted to. It looks mysterious, and no mistake. That window was open all the evening, was it?"

"Yes; but no burglar would come in and take just a hat and nothing else. You say Mrs. Martin's purse was under the hat. It's ridiculous to suppose a thief would take the hat and leave the purse."

"I should have heard him, anyway. I was in the dining-room all the time. The man in the hall would have heard him too. You don't suppose he took it, do you?"

"What would he want with a lady s hat?"

"Well, I don't know of but one other person on whom suspicion can possibly rest."

"Who's that, Mary?"

"Me."

"You! Absurd! Of course no one would suspect you."

"What kind of a hat was it? Did they say?"

"A little grey one, I think Mrs. Prescott said."

"With a bird on it?"

"Yes, I believe she did say there was a bird on it."

"I knew it! It's Mrs. Martin's new hat!" moaned Mrs. Bruce.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary? What if it is her new hat?"

"She'll think I took it; I know she will."

"Why, of course she won't, Mary."

"Yes, she will, Dick. Only last week when she called on me she had it on, and I admired it so much. It really was a love of a hat! She let me try it on, and it looked too sweet for anything on me."

He began hunting for the hat.

"Any hat would," murmured Dick.

"I told her I wished I had one just like it. It was lots more becoming to me than to her."

"I don't doubt it," interpolated Dick.

"And that's why she'll think I took it.

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She knows how much I admired it; and I was the only person down here who had a chance to take it. Of course she'll think I took it."

"But, my dear," protested Mr. Bruce, "she's your friend; she wouldn't suspect you of being a thief; she couldn't."

"Oh, Dick, you can't understand it, of course. But it was a *hat!*"

The emphasis Mary put on the word was quite tragic.

"Of course 'twas a hat, but——" he stopped, bewildered at Mary's air of mystery and distress.

"And some women, Dick—of course you can't comprehend, for you're a man—some women would sell their souls for a hat, if it was just the right kind!"

"Oh! Well, it is pretty bad, then, isn't it? And she'll think you—— But she'd know you couldn't wear it. Someone might see it, and recognise it as hers. She might see it herself."

"No, she'd know I couldn't wear it. But that doesn't make any difference. Some women fall in love with a hat so that they'd steal it if they got a chance even if they couldn't wear it. They'd put it on at home, just for the pleasure of seeing it on them in a mirror. It's dreadful, Dick, the fascination a hat—the right kind—has for a woman!"

"It must be. But, my dear, I don't believe you stole it, even if they do fascinate you in that way."

"Of course I didn't, Dick. I didn't know it was here. I wasn't in the room after the guests began to arrive until the last one was gone."

"Well, we must find it, Mary. I can't let you rest under the foul suspicion of having stolen a hat with a fowl on it. Let me get into my Sherlock Holmes mood and think."

"I suppose you'll be writing a story about it, Dick. Whenever I see that look on your face I know you think you've got a subject for one."

It should be stated that Mr. Richard Bruce from time to time had short stories published in the magazines. His penchant was for light detective tales, with a tantalising mystery attached.

"Not such a bad idea," he said. "If we can solve the mystery there may be the making of a story in it. Then perhaps I could sell the story and buy you a hat as intoxicating as Mrs. Martin's; who knows? Now, about the hat. Let me think; let me think."

But Bruce's thinking had not served to find the hat by the following evening. Its disappearance was as much a mystery as ever.

"I've hunted everywhere!" sighed Mary. "Not a possible nor impossible place have I overlooked. Under rugs and on top shelves of closets, from parlour to kitchen, I've searched every square inch of the flat; and it simply isn't here."

"Supposing it had blown out of the window?" said Bruce. "Somebody wouldn't have taken it then, would they? He, I mean, or she?"

"Blown out the window? Do you suppose—— Why, it couldn't blow out the window, Dick. Mrs. Martin left it on this chair by the sideboard. It isn't within six feet of the window. Besides, the wind didn't blow last night; it was perfectly calm."

"Which would seem to destroy that theory. I never thought much of it anyway; but the only other theory I've been able to evolve is that the hat walked off, and of the two the idea that it blew away seemed more likely. I wish I were as clever as some of the detectives in my stories; I'd have this mystery solved in a jiffy."

"Can't you really think of any explanation, Dick? You ought to be able to."

"I suppose I ought to, but—— You say 'twas a big bird on a little hat?"

"Yes."

"Now if that bird had been alive it could have flown away, even though attached to the hat. The window was open; the hat was small, and the bird large. Yes, it would have been quite easy.

"In that case, the hat by this time might be far away. The theory is a peculiarly fascinating one; and the only obstacle in the way of its acceptance is the fact that the bird was dead—or supposedly so."

"Supposedly so! Of course it was dead Why can't you be serious, Dick? It isn't a joke, if you do consider it one. It isn't a joke for Mrs. Martin, and it isn't one for me, if people are going to suspect me of stealing it."

"The hat, not the joke, you mean. No, it certainly is not a joke to be accused of stealing that. Well, I'll try to treat the subject seriously.

"You don't suppose the bird could have been in a comatose state—hypnotised or something of that sort—all this time, do you? If we could establish that fact it wouldn't be so hard to convince people it flew off with the hat. We could assume it woke up—came out of its trance—during the party. It's

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really a beautiful theory, Mary—novel, and all that.

"And I've seen birds on hats that looked so natural you'd think they were actually alive. I dare say the bird on Mrs. Martin's hat looked like that."

"It certainly did look very natural. But what nonsense, Dick! The bird wasn't alive, of course. I thought you said you'd be serious. I should think you'd try to find out what's become of the hat for your own sake if not for mine. I shouldn't think you'd want people to think your wife had stolen it."

"I don't want them to, my dear, and I have tried to find out what's become of the hat. Don't you see that the more things I think of the nearer I am to the right one? Each new idea narrows down the number of others to be thought of.

"I've thought of the wind blowing it away, and of the bird flying off with it; and now we haven't got to bother with those theories any more. We've rejected them; but we are two ideas nearer the right one.

"The trouble is there are so many other ideas to be considered — or rather, to be exact, there are so few others. To be candid, I'm at the end of my string now; but what is the matter, Mary?"

"That dreadful cat again! It's the second time it's jumped up on that window sill and scared me. It did it the night before last, when I was sitting here reading. For a strange

He reappeared, holding in his hand Mrs. Martin's hat.

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cat, I think it's making itself pretty much at home here.

"The porter says it's got four little kittens down in our store-room. He looked in through the basement window when he was mowing the lawn, and saw them. You know we left the window open, and the cat goes in and out that way.

"What *is* the matter, Dick?"

"Shade of Sherlock Holmes!" ejaculated Mr. Bruce. "The matter, Mary! The matter! Why, the matter is another idea—idea number three!"

With that Mr. Bruce dashed out of the room, and in a few minutes reappeared, holding in his hand Mrs. Martin's hat.

"Oh, Dick, where was it? Where *did* you find it? Just look at the dust on it! Who had it, Dick?"

"Reviving for a moment an ancient saying, I will remark, 'It was the cat.'"

"The cat!"

"Yes. Don't you see? Really, it wasn't such a bad piece of detective work—especially for a writer of detective stories. Note the several clues—the links in the chain—leading to the solution of the mystery:

"First, a hat with a bird on it; a little hat with a large bird; second, a cat jumping up on our window sill from the outside. To our knowledge it jumped up on it the night before last and again to-night; and if on those two nights, why not last night also?

"Third, and finally, the known attraction all birds have for cats. With those clues in mind, and properly pieced together, I went straight to our store-room, and there, near a litter of four as nice little kittens as you ever set eyes on, lay the hat.

"The mother cat was the velvet-footed burglar. She came in the window last night, saw the bird, liked its looks, and walked off with it—and, incidentally, with the rest of the hat. Probably she thought it would be useful for the kittens to practise pouncing on when they get a little bigger.

"The hat doesn't seem to be damaged, and when the dust is brushed off will be as good as ever. The trouble is going to be in making Mrs. Martin believe it was the cat that stole it instead of you. Suppose we leave the dust on it as circumstantial evidence."

UNORTHODOX
I saw no mistletoe about—
(And she and I had not been introduced)
A lack that momentarily produced
A doubt.
I took the benefit of this—
I fancied that, according to her look,
She would not mind, and so I took
A kiss.
I saw no mistletoe about—
And neither she nor I could know or tell
But, as it was, we got on just as well
Without!
E. Goarie Marks.

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My Nephew Max

By Fox Russell.

Being a further extract from a Married Uncle's Diary.

Thursday.—*Just received the following letter from that irrepressible nephew of mine, Max. His kindness and consideration in not desiring to "embarriss" me, and his highly original notion of how to obtain an "advance" when the lender is out of the way, are most noteworthy. Wish he could be induced to give up calling his brother "Stinker," though afraid that is impossible.*

Dear Uncle Charlie,

I hope it won't embarriss you, but we're so beasely hard up that can you send Stinker and me anuther small tip? We want a sov. between us; that'll jest last out this term butifoolly. If you haven't got it handy, but can let me have it in a week, I dessay we could borrow it from Fatty Randall.

Fatty's an orfly rich chap, and his trussed-tea has jest sent him a fiver. Well, he can't want orl that, can he? He'll only spend it in tuck, and make himself beasely sick like he did last term, and wen he's fealing Billyus he gets gluemy and tassytern, witch can't be good for boys, so, ass time is reely pressing, he will make the advance.

The simplest way is that I will wait till he's gone out and then borrow the money. I know eggsackly where he keeps it. Then you can send our tip to pay him back, but ass I'me a bit of a Finansher, I think prap's you'd better make it twenty-one bob, so's to give a bob for interest, don't you?

Last Friday we went home for the week-end to help sell at a Charretty Basar. By Gove, Charretty Basars are an orfle rag, ain't they? We were drest up in our Sunday clothes with light blue ties and turn down collars, and had to wash our faces with sope, and part our hair in the middel. Oh, it was orfly uncumftable.

Stinker looked jest like a Baa Lamb with a blue ribbin round it's neck. He ought to have been stuck on a green stand, and pulled about with a string. I rotted him about it, and he got orfly enoide.

Some ladies were doing a raffel, and Stinker was sent about to ask people to take tiggets at a bob each. They gave him twenty tiggets to sell, and the young ass lost four and I collerd two more and told him I'd smak his hed jolly well if he split about it, and wen he went bak the ladies said "wear is the oof?"—at leest, they dident say "oof" eggsackly, but you know wot I mean. And blowed if he dident say he dident know wot had becum of it! He *is* a rotter! He has no imageination.

Wen I was sent to sell things an orfly pretty gurl at our stall sed to me: "Everything's allowable in the cause of charretty—so you mustn't mind *what* you say!"

I told her I *never* did. And then she sed: "Oh, but *that's* shocking!" Now, issent that jest like gurls? To suit themselves they say you may tell whoppers, but when I sed I agreed with her she immejetly ses: "That's shocking!" Gurls, gurls! it's orlways gurls who are the most deseetful creetures living.

Well, I startid selling, and the best cause I could think of, jest then, was the "Fund

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for providing Suppers on the Roof "—an instytution of ours at school witch we all contribbute to. It's for providing a light meal to starving schoolboys after they're sposed to be in bed and ain't.

We go up the fire escape ladder on to the roof in our night shirts (of course this is only a summer amewsment, wind and wether purmitting), and spred a newspaper and have sossidges—cold saverloise—and apples, poted lobstir—eaten with a harepin—and ginger-wine: oh, it's jest riping!

Well, ass they sed "everything"—meaning whoppers—"is aloud in a good cause," I jest let myself go. I stuffed up one feller that my old pocket-nife was pure Toledo steel, and was found in the Ruins of Carthage. He rored with larfter, but he must have beleeved it, ass he gave me harf a sov. for it, and said I was a jolly boy, and must be a linnyal dessendent of Annie Nias. I dunno what he ment.

Then I greened another feller with a girl to buy her a bunch of vilets. which cost a penny, for harf-a-crown. ass I sed they were fresh gathered from the Rivvyera that morning. He arsked: "Were they tellygrafed over?" and I sed "Yes."

After that, I caught a little beest of a boy, drest in a purpill velvet sute and a floppy lace coller, with fair curls—curls! ugh! ain't it disgusting!—and got him up in a lonely corner, and threttend to smak his hed if he dident buy a piece of Cruel wurk.

He looked orfly fritend, and began to blub, so I twisted his arm and made him shut up. He sed he haddent enny money on him, but I knew that was a cram, so I felt in his pockets and found two two-bob pieces. I took them, and shoved the Cruel wurk into his hands and bunked.

You see, I'd bin told by my stall-holder to be active and persvering, and not to take "No" for an arnser, so what I did was quite rite, wasn't it?

Then an orfly swagger lady came in, and I sold her a cigar case—at leest, I don't think she quite *knew* she'd bought it, but I rapt it up in paper and put it in her hand, arfter she'd bought a lot of other things, and sed "Harf-a-crown, please"; and she smiled and paid up, and I took care to evoide her orl the rest of the day.

Arfter this I paid in orl the proseeds to the Schoolboys' Supper Fund. As I'me the Treshrer, of coarse that was quite simpel. I merely put it into my trousers pocket. That was orl perfectly easy, but pressently the old cat who pressided at our stall said:

"Well, now we'll settle up our accounts. How much have you got for me, my littel man?"

Her "littel man!" Wot beasely cheek. I shoved my hands in my pockets and staird at her, and looked orfly orsteer.

Then I slowly took out (sum of) the money I'de made, and bunged it down, and walked off. I think it downrite beasely wen a feller has made orl that money for his school fund to have to fork it orl (well, not quite *orl*) out again, jest becos a jolly ugly old woman makes him.

I met Stinker then, and, feeling peckish, we went into the Refreshment Buffy, and offered to sell tarts and buns. But the gurl there knew a thing or two. She larfed, and sed that if she trusted us with tarts we mite *forget* to sell them. Thet was rarther ruff on a feller, wassent it, Uncle Charlie? It makes you hate a gurl wen she's so beasely fond of sarksum and reppartea. She *was* ugly.

Jest as we were leaving the Buffy I met that littel ass in the purpil sute again. He tride to bunk, but I cort him by the tale. I ment to sell him a fotergraff frame, but jest then his big brother came up. He was about my size, only bigger. He sed:

"Was it you who robb'd my young brother?"

I sed:

"I dunno what you mean. I *sold* him some Cruel wurk he'd taken a fancy too."

Then he got exsited, and began speeking orfly quickly, and sed:

"You jest give up the money, or I'le lick you!"

"You lick *me!*" I sed scornfly. "Jest you come outside into the garden, and, by gum I'le jolly well punch your hed!"

Well, we went outside, but, somehow, I couldent punch his hed—not well, I mean. I did land him two or three good 'uns, and cort him a wunner on the noce, but he blacked my left eye, and finally we shook hands, and I gave up one of the two-bobs, and he gave back the Cruel wurk witch I sold imejetly arfterwards to that jolly feller with the gurl, who sed I was a sumthing or other dessendent of Annie Nias. It was rather decent of him to buy it, ass I don't think he could have wanted it very mutch.

Then I tride to sell them sum fire skreens and sofer cushons and a quilted counterpin, and sed they'd orl be usefool for their house. And the gurl turned rather red, and played with her parrotsol, and the feller sed nothing, and looked rather an ass, and I wundered wot I'de done. So I sed:

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"Ain't you two ingaged?" and the gurl sed: "No, you absurd boy!" and the feller sed he thought it would rain to-morrow.

So I sed: "Well, you needent be so jolly bashful about it. I've got a sister whoose ingaged, and, by Gove! it's sumthing orfle to see them sitting hand in hand, and talking rot about *her* being *his* own, and *he* being *her* own. Oh, it's sickening. And then about twice a week—it's genrally Wednesdys and Saturdys—they quarrel, and he swares never to look on her 'fair, false face again,' and *she* ses that he has broken her hart. And then, next day, there they are again, sitting on the same chair, and holding each other's hands jest as they were before."

But they'd bolted in diffrent derecktions before I'de finished speaking. I wunder why?

There was a printed notice up: "The Countess of Haughtyshire will entertain the helpers and stall-holders at tea." So I and Stinker went in—in fact, we went in sevril times. The Countess wore a butifool smyle (and other things, of course), and gave us beasely weak tea, but sum jolly good cake and jam (rarsbry and black currand—the rarsbry was the best), and finelly we cramd our pockets with biscuits, and I put two jam tarts, faces together, and shoved them into my trousers pocket, and we sed good-bye to the Countess, and bunked.

We got back to school on Monday too late for Stoggins's Latin construing class, and wasn't Stoggins mad! The gov'ner put us into the train, and sed: "Mind you change at Castle Junkshon, then the fast train will get you back by two o'clock." So, of coarse, we dident, and by missing that train we dodged the construing.

Before leaving home, wee'd invested the proseeds of my sales in a tuck shop, and I stowed six saveloise and four apples in my pockets, and a tin of poted lobstir was congealed in the trunk Stinker and me had between us. We orlso stowed eight rolls, a box of sardeens, and two pots of strorbry jam there, and wen the school matron wanted the key so's to unpack our things, we swore we'd lost it.

That nite we orl snord wen Pig-face (our doormattry master) put his hed in the doorway and asked: "Are you orl asleep?" and drecktly he'd gone we jumped up and got out the stores for the supper party. Then we sneaked out to the landing, and Bruce major, and me and two of the littel fellers got the ladder and gently rased it, while Watson minor kept *cave*.

Jest as wee'd nearly got it up to the skylite that sily young ass Watson whispered "*Cave*," and we put the ladder down again quickly and quietly, and bunked into the bedroom.

I sed: "Ain't you two ingaged?" and the gurl sed: "No, you absurd boy!"

But it was a false alarm, and after smaking young Watson's hed for being mistaken, I went back and got the ladder up again. As I was Treshrer and Pressydent of the Supper Fund, I went first, and shoved the skylite back for the rest of the fellers to come

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through. Then we spread our newspaper and set to work on the saverloise, and the sardeens we made into a salad with the poted lobstir.

It was a jolly hot nite, so we dident mind being litely drest. Wen wee'd jest finished the saverloise, and were harf through the lobstir salad, Brown minor sed: "Sh—! wot's that?" and I crept over to the open skylite to look. It was orl dark down below, so I thought I'de go down the steps and scout. I felt for the ladder, and by gum!—*some sily ass had taken it away!*

Wassent it orfle! Now, Uncle Charlie, wot would you have done if you'd been on the roof in your nite shirt? And jest ass I crawled back to tell the fellers, I herd thunder and it began to rain!

We were soon all shiffering with cold and getting beasely wet. You see, we dident know whether it was a feller or a master who'd taken the ladder away. If it was a feller and we cort him he'd get jolly well licked; if it was a master and he caught *us*, *we* should. It was a notty probblim.

But, five minits later we herd a lite larf coming out of the darkness below, and then the top of the ladder appeared, and old Poddy Reid—that's one of the sixth form fellers who I fag for occasionally—put his hed out and sed: "Come out of that, you young fools. I took the ladder away so s to give you a frite. Come down and give me two of those saverloise."

And we were only too glad to. I gave Poddy the sossidges and sed: "Theyre rarther wet," but he sed that dident matter, they'd taste the same, and went away munching them.

As we had some remains of the supper left over, I and Stinker and Bruce major and Boots—you remember Boots?—thought we could have another supper on the roof next nite, if we dident ask the other fellers. So we agreed we'd *forget* to ask them to join. You see, wot's enuff for four is beasely rot wen there's ten fellers to feed. So we got the ladder and I went up, and shoved open the skylite, and, by gum! I nearly fell backwards with frite—there was a man crouching on the roof a yard away from me.

I jest cort hold of the ladder with my legs and slid from the top to the bottom. I *was* in a funk! I hollered out:

"Police! Murder! Burgerlers!" and the other fellers hollerd—oh, my eye!

It *was* a site, wen some of the masters ran upstares and then a Bobby came and they went up the ladder on to the roof and collerd *two* chaps. They were burgerlers, and had crowbars and things in their hands, and the Bobby and the masters walked them orf to the station. They were evidently going to burgle the house by getting in from the roof.

Well, next morning I was feeling a bit proud of my having captured those burgerlers, and was wundring wot sort of reward Stoggins would give me for it—prap's a silver meddle, or a gold watch and chain, or a pair of top-boots for hunting. And then I sposed he'd make a littel speech before orl the school to thank me for saving his property, and orl that sort of thing. And then I'de try to look indiffrent, and say that I only did my duty, and put my rite hand in my weskket and moddestly retire, arfter arsking for a harf-holiday for the school.

I thought of all this in bed, and dreckly arfter prayers Stoggins told me to stand forward. By gum I *did* feel jolly proud at that moment. Orl the fellers looked at me, and must have felt so beasely envyus. I stood rite out aloan in frunt of them orl.

And then Stoggins said:

"The capture of the two misguided men on the roof last nite has opened my eyes to some grave irreglearrities on the part of sum of the young gentlemen in 'B' Doormattry"—that's ours. "I suspect that sevril of you were going on to the roof. I *know* that you, sir, were there, because it was you who first gave the alarm. You evidently reseeved a severe frite" (beasely shame to say this, rite before everywun wen I thought he would praise me ass a hero), "and in consequens of that, and of the undowted service you did—quite involunteerly—" (old beast) "in giving the alarm, I shall only punish you by depriving you of your next harf holiday, and ordering you to rite a hundred lines. You can go back to your place."

And *that's* orl the reward a boy gets for bravely tackling two armed burgerlers to save his school from being robbed. It's *my* fate now to be gluemy and tassytern.

Wen I red in the paper of those burgerlers at the Pleece court, I saw the Bobby gave evidence that he found a sardeen tin and sum bitten pieces of saverloise on the roof. The prisners denide enny knowledge of them, but the Bobby sed he was certain the prisners had bin supping off these things wen they were disterbed. Wot other way could they have come on the roof?

And I sed nothing, but larfed litely.

Don't forget the tip, Uncle Charlie, will you. Love to Aunt Mollie.

From your affeckshunt Nephew,

MAX.

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"It was a jolly hot nite, so we dident mind being litely drest."

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LIFE ON A LIGHTSHIP

Mr. Wood as the lightshipmen knew him——

——and as he is known to his friends.

A Bright and Interesting Article in which the Writer gives his Adventures and Impressions on a Visit to the Nore Lightship.

By Walter Wood.

Outsiders have been rarely privileged to spend a few days on board one of the lightships round the English coast, and I felt specially pleased when the Elder Brethren of the Honourable Trinity Corporation gave me the necessary authority to go, and relegated me to the friendly care of Mr. J. G. Browne, Superintendent at Trinity Wharf, Blackwall. Mr. Browne was keen on my journeying to the Shipwash, some miles off Aldborough, on the ground that she is one of the most modern light vessels, and is in telephonic communication with the shore. That, he explained, would enable me to summon a boat when I had had enough of it, whereas on a less efficient craft I must take my chance.

I mentioned the Nore, and referred to its romance and the legend connected with it. The Nore has figured largely in naval history. During the mutiny in 1797 the Elder Brethren, almost within sight of the rebellious sailors, removed or destroyed all the buoys and beacons which could guide the ships to sea; and in 1803, when Napoleon threatened to invade England, the Elder Brethren made every preparation to destroy all channel marks which could guide an enemy into the Thames. The Superintendent remarked that it should be the Nore if I wished—that indeed I could go to Jericho if the Corporation had a lightship there—and at once he made arrangements for the alteration, and gave me my sailing orders. These were to join a Trinity tender at the wharf in two days' time and go with her down to the Nore, where I should be put on board.

At the appointed time I presented myself and was taken charge of by the master of the *Stella*, which had a miscellaneous assortment of necessaries for lighthouses, lightships and Trinity work ashore. We steamed down the Thames until we reached the Chapman Light, then we stopped, a boat was lowered, and the mate and a couple of men landed with a supply of rockets. They rowed back, the boat was hoisted in, and the *Stella* steamed on until the Nore lightship was reached.

With just as much promptitude and as little ceremony as the rockets had been handed to the Chapman keepers, I was delivered to the master of the Nore light vessel. The mate jumped aboard, handed to the master a letter explanatory of my arrival, and returned to the *Stella* with remarkable dispatch. The boat was hoisted in, and the tender resumed her voyage and passed from sight.

The instant I stepped on board the lightship I was struck by the homely air of everything and the great kindness of the crew. The master, Mr. H. Howe, took me below and insisted upon discharging the duties of host from that moment until the hour of my abrupt departure—abrupt for reasons which I shall make evident. At the head of the wide companion—there is plenty of room for sudden rushes to a lightship's deck—a bird was singing and a row of plants and a vase of flowers met the eye. Below, in the master's cabin, where I took up my quarters, everything was faultlessly clean and bore that hall mark of orderliness and

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efficiency for which everything connected with the Trinity Corporation is famous.

I am not, in this sketchy article, going into too much detail or any technicalities. I want to convey a general impression of the life and duties of the British lightshipman, and the Nore light vessel's crew will afford that glimpse as well as any other ship's. I was moved to select her for my visit because she is better known by sight to British travellers by sea than any other vessel, and because, as I have said, of her romantic situation.

The Nore lightship herself is a very old wooden vessel—indeed, she is "Number 14"—lightships are known by numbers. Inside she reminds one strongly of an old wooden fighting ship. She is very roomy, warm, and comfortable. The most modern ships are built of iron or steel, and have very powerful lanterns, windlasses worked by compressed air, and a huge fog-horn worked also by compressed air. They have a fine engine-room, fitted with oil-engines and air-receivers, and are known as "engine-ships."

The Nore lightship: the ball at the masthead is a sign that the vessel is safely on her station. Should she break adrift, the ball would be lowered immediately.

Lightships are divided into two classes — "off-lying" and "in-shore." Those which are out at sea come under the former head, and the Nore and kindred ships under the latter. Each off-lying vessel has a complement of eleven—one master, one mate, three lamplighters, and six seamen, or five seamen and a carpenter. Of these, one officer, two lamplighters, and four seamen, or three seamen and a carpenter, are always on board. In vessels having a syren or reed horn three of the seamen are rated as fog-signal drivers, two of whom must always be on board.

In certain in-shore light vessels the complement is eight—one master, one mate, three lamplighters, and three seamen, of whom one officer, two lamplighters, and two men are always on board; or one master, one mate, two lamplighters, and two seamen, of whom one officer, one lamplighter, and one seaman are always to be on board.

There are fifty-two lightships on stations around the English coast, and all serve the purpose of indicating the presence of fatal shoals. Each modern lightship costs about £12,000 to build and equip, and about £1300 a year to maintain. An expenditure of something like £70,000 annually is therefore necessary to work the lightship service efficiently. A wooden ship, like the Nore, will keep her station for seven years without needing overhauling; but it is necessary to bring an iron ship in every three years.

The crew of a lightship are incessantly on the alert, and have a multitude of duties to discharge. The ship herself must be kept in perfect trim, the lantern is a constant source of work and care, and in a hundred and one odd ways the vessel's people are kept employed. The master appears to be constantly at work posting up his log, for not a detail of the day or night's happenings is omitted from this record.

If the lightshipman is not on watch, or sleeping, or painting, or otherwise working on the ship's behalf, he is making or mending useful articles. He is wonderfully clever with the needle, and in making mats of rope and wool, and all sorts of models.

For a model of a lightship he used to get about thirty shillings; now the price is about one-third of that amount. The natural consequence is that the lightshipman does not devote much of his spare time to model-making. It is a curious and interesting spectacle to watch a man knit vigorously as he takes his short, sharp turns — the characteristic fisherman's walk — on the vessel's deck.

There is a general impression that lightshipmen will be always well supplied with fish, since all they have to do is to get their lines overboard and catch them. As a matter of fact, fish are seldom caught from lightships, for the very good reason that they are scared off by the action of the great cable

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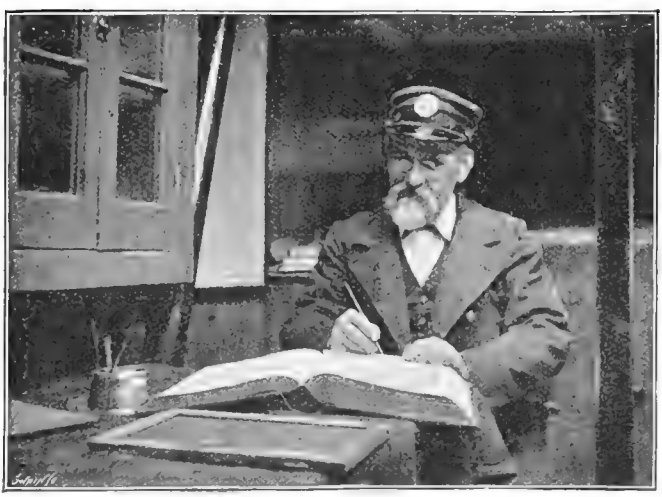
and the general disturbance of the ground by the anchorage. At the Nore, for example, efforts are rarely made to fish. When a lightship first goes to a station fish are caught in fair abundance, but they are crafty creatures, and soon give the uncanny object a wide berth.

At sunrise, daily, the lantern is lowered, and one of the watch on deck comes below into the master's cabin to write on the slate the events of the night. These are transferred by the master to the log. Early in the day breakfast is taken, as a rule everything being cleared away before eight o'clock. At about



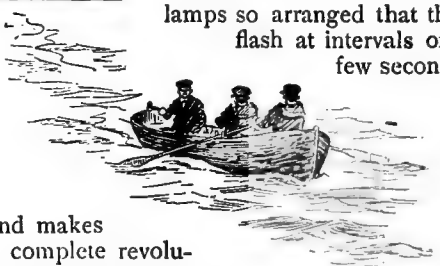
The night-watch enters all that happens during the night on a slate, and from these notes the master makes up the ship's log in the morning.

eleven o'clock comes dinner, and at two, or thereabouts, tea; supper, which with many lightshipmen is the best meal of the day, being at eight or so. These feeding times seem strange to the visitor, but experience has proved that they best suit the lightshipman's convenience and work.

Contrary to all general belief, lightshipmen "find" themselves. Each man, whether he is master, mate, lamplighter, or other rating, receives the sum of one shilling and ninepence daily, and out of this allowance he provides himself with what he wants. As the master and mate spend a month afloat and a month ashore alternately, and the men two months afloat and a month ashore—with deviations due to weather and other circumstances—a good supply of provisions must be taken to the ship. Apart from this individual enterprise, a stock of reserve provisions has to be kept on board each vessel. This consists of 216 1lb. tins of meat and seventy-two 3½lb. tins of biscuit; or, in the case of in-shore vessels with reduced crews, 162 tins of meat and fifty-four tins of biscuit. These are emergency rations, and have to be purchased by the crew in such quantities as to insure that they are not kept in stock for more than two years.

After breakfast the lamp-lighter cleans and polishes his lamps and lantern, and everything is put in readiness for hoisting the friendly beacon as soon as the sun touches the horizon. A stentorian voice calls down the companion, "Heave up!" the watch below tumbles on deck, and all hands set to work at the windlass and hoist the lantern into position about ten feet below the ball.

Running up the side of the mast is a long, strong rod, at the head of which is a cog. This cog is connected with another affixed to the lantern, and the rod is turned by powerful clockwork in the lantern-house on deck, at the bottom of the mast. From the moment the lantern begins to revolve until it is stopped and hauled down it is an object of incessant care. The lantern at the Nore consists of several sets of lamps so arranged that they flash at intervals of a few seconds,



and makes a complete revolution every half minute. Each lamp is swung on "gimbals," so that it hangs vertically despite the erratic and almost constant motion of the ship.

The familiar ball at the masthead serves to indicate that she is safely on her station. If she breaks adrift and cannot be brought up with her spare anchors the ball is lowered, and, of course, help is signalled for with all speed. If such a catastrophe happens at night the lantern is lowered and a couple of red lamps are suspended, while a red flare is shown at stated intervals. At such a time the tiller comes in useful. Generally speaking, a lightship's helm is of little use, and is kept

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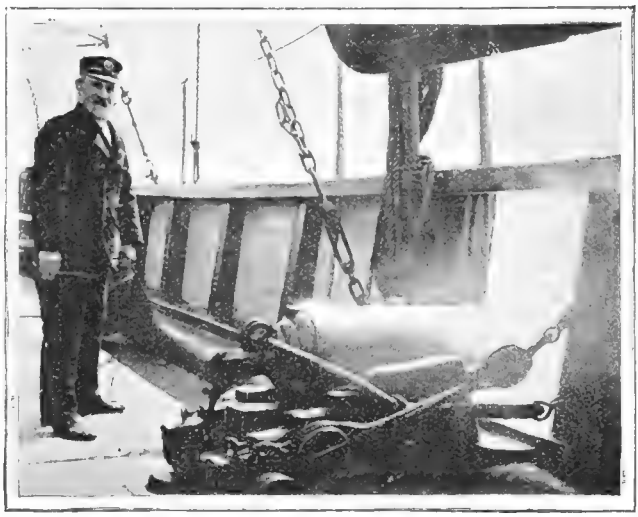
fast amidships, but so secured as to be cast loose in a few seconds. The rush of the tide past her will, except at slack water, give her way enough to enable her to sheer quickly to port or starboard, and this makes it possible to avert many disastrous collisions.

It is when the lantern is burning that the lightship is most thoroughly fulfilling her *raison d'être*. Midnight has passed as I write this, but there is no sign of deadness at the Nore, and as it is with her so it is with the other lightships that are stationed round our shores. Her lantern burns brightly—so, as we can clearly see, does the green lantern of the Mouse lightship, seven miles farther out to sea; and you may be sure that the men at the Girdler, the Black Deep, the Edinburgh Channel, the Prince's Channel, and the Tongue lightships — all in the entrance to the Thames—are as vigilant as the Nore's men. There is the ceaseless sound of her lantern mechanism, interspersed every forty-five minutes with a loud clang on a gong, which means that the clockwork wants winding up.



This photograph was taken just after one of the two signalling guns on the Nore Lightship had been fired, the smoke is still seen hanging in the air.

One of the watch on deck goes and turns a handle, and there is nearly a minute's heavy rattle of the winding, the completion of which is signalled by another clang, followed by the less-pronounced metallic click of the apparatus which keeps the lantern revolving. There is the constant motion of the ship, too, and the tramp of the watch on deck. This goes on till sunrise, when down comes the beacon, and soon there is the sound of scrubbing as the deck gets its morning bath. The sounds of a light vessel are peculiar to her, and one has to get accustomed to them before one can sleep in anything like comfort.

The postman of the lightship men. It takes the shape of a fast cutter, and in a stiff breeze will pay a visit to the Nore lasting a few seconds only.

In the way of miscellaneous work there is a frequent sweeping of the sea around the ship, with telescope or glasses, to make certain that the buoys are all right and in position, and that the gas-lanterns, if any, are burning. If the weather is bad, a constant watch has to be kept on the movements of windjammers and steamers, for the lightship's many duties include that of warning passing ships if they are running into danger. These warnings are not always obeyed, or even acknowledged with thanks. The day before I reached the Nore a steamer was observed to be going straight for shallow water. The lightship ran up the flags which signify "Standing into danger." The steamer completely ignored the signal, and held on her course. Luckily for her she was on the top of the flood, and got over the shoal in safety.

Lightshipmen are so constantly on the alert that it seems impossible to catch them off their guard. They are always

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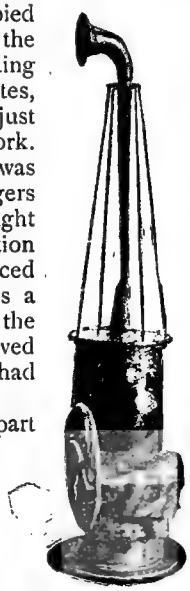
ready for calls, expected or unexpected, for admirable discipline and familiarity with their danger make them able to grapple with any emergency. Last summer, when off the Nore, a passenger by one of the pleasure steamers took it into his head to jump into the sea. The Nore's men had their boat lowered and were pulling for dear life almost before the steamer's people realised what had happened. They seized the man when it appeared impossible to save him, rescued him, put him back on board the steamer from which he had jumped, and returned to their vessel. So smartly was their work done that the whole time occupied by the performance, including the lowering of the boat and hoisting her up again, was eighteen minutes, and even at that the men had just finished an exhausting spell of work. Yet this splendid little achievement was never made public. The passengers gave three cheers, and subscribed eight shillings and twopence in recognition of the deed. What value they placed on either pluck or human life is a mystery. In the way of thanks the rescuers were informed by the saved man's wife that it was a pity they had picked him up!

Who does not know of the part which is taken by our lightshipmen in the saving of threatened ships and lives? In this direction their opportunities are limited, but, such as they are, they are fully used. Their first duty is to their ship, and it is obvious that they cannot put her in peril by deserting her. Their duty, when a ship is in distress, is to make her dangerous situation known to the lifeboatmen ashore, and this is done with striking all-round success.



The Nore fog-horn is of rather antiquated pattern; it is worked by a treadle, and for every hour it is in operation each hand on the lightship receives 2d. extra pay.

From lightship to lightship, by gun or rocket signal, the urgent message is sent that help is needed. Not until a lightship knows that her signals are observed from the nearest vessel or the shore does she stop firing. Sometimes it appears almost impossible to get the signals through. For instance, during some very bad weather this year, the Nore was firing for an hour continuously before the Southend lifeboat could be summoned. In the thick air the flashes could not be seen, and the sound of the firing failed to reach the shore. Experience has shown that the rocket is by far the most efficient explosive signal for giving an alarm of this description.

A lightship's guns—there are two, one on each side—are always kept dry and clean and ready for instant use. One gun is constantly kept loaded, but in any case the cartridge is not kept in for more than a month. At the end of that period, or when a vessel leaves her station, this cartridge is withdrawn and thrown overboard, or shot away for the purpose of cleaning the gun.

On one occasion, recently, a steamer was thrown on her beam ends near an East Coast lightship. One of her mates and two men rowed to the lightship and asked for assistance. None could be given from the vessel, nor could the nearest lifeboat be summoned by telegraph or telephone, as this ship was not fitted with these appliances. Happily, the crew managed to escape from the steamer just before she turned turtle and sank.

On this point of shore communication it may be said that the Trinity Corporation are constantly investigating or experimenting with the latest discoveries, and have now the wireless telegraphy in hand. Submarine telegraphs and telephones they have had in use for a considerable period, but, curiously enough, these means have not proved any great advance on the gun and rocket signals.

Lightship life, from its loneliness and monotony, makes some men into extraordinary characters. It brings out the best and the worst in masters and crews, and amongst other things naturally develops the system of ragging, which may be either malicious or kindly.

There is a celebrated case in the service of the latter sort. Serving in one of the ships in the London District was a man, let us call him Daniel, who could neither read nor write, but hated to acknowledge or reveal his ignorance. It was his comrades' joy to produce for his inspection a child's alphabet book, embellished with the sort of picture that tells it own story to the infant mind.

Thus, under a large A was the word ape, with a picture of that well-known animal. "What does this spell?" Daniel was asked, and, looking wisely at the three letters, after cocking an eye at the illustration, he replied, "Monkey." Continuing the jest, they said, "If k-n-i-f-e spells knife, what does w-i-f-e spell?" Without hesitation Daniel answered "Fork." "How much are one hundred pence, Daniel?" he was asked on another

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The band of the Nore lightship is quite an Institution.

occasion, and he replied promptly: "Eight and fourpence."

An explanation of his ability at mental arithmetic being demanded, he said he knew because eight and fourpence was fifty hours of "fog" at twopence—twopence an hour being allowed to the men in "engine-ships" for duty when the terrible fog-horn is sounded by the compressed air.

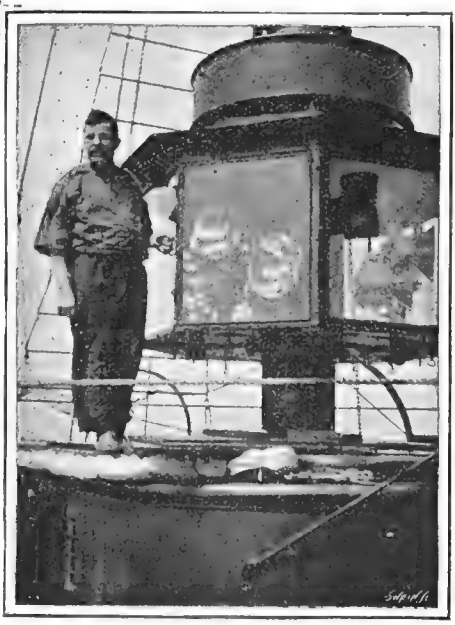
It was—and probably still is—his custom to reckon all important events from one particular period, and that is the rhubarb season. If a ship went down, or distressed mariners found their way on board his vessel for the time being, or if the ship broke away from her moorings, Daniel's custom was to say, "That took place such and such a time since last rhubarb season." Daniel is now comfortably retired on pension, and dwells in the glory of relating and recollecting his past remarkable achievements.

Collision is the greatest danger that the light-ship man has to face. It is ever present, and much of the talk on board a vessel will naturally drift into this subject. In a fog, of course, the lightship is invisible. Only the dismal and depressing hoot of her fog horn is heard at intervals, and it is no uncommon thing for some strange wandering steamer to go quite round her without being seen.

It is only a few years since the Tongue light-ship, farther out to sea than the Nore is, was run into and sunk so quickly that the crew had only just time to save themselves by scrambling up the side of the steamer. The wrongdoer in this case was a regular trader to the Thames, which made her sin all the greater. The great peril to lightships arises from the fact that most captains use them as steering marks. A master will, for instance, steer straight for the Nore light and only sheer off at the very last moment. If he does not turn his helm in time a collision is the inevitable result.

One of the most remarkable stories told in connection with Trinity House is a story of collision. The lightship affected was known as the Breaksea, whose station is near Cardiff, in the Bristol Channel. A few years ago it was necessary to take her away and refit her. When such a change is made another vessel is towed to the station to replace her temporarily.

In this instance a lightship was sent round from Trinity Wharf, a distance of five hundred miles. She completed her journey in safety to the Bristol Channel; then, in the dull light of the February morning, her crew observed some red-painted wreckage floating past. When they reached the station they dis-



The lamplighter standing by his charge—which is the most important part of a lightship.

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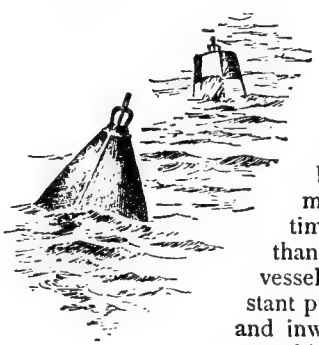
covered that the lightship had disappeared, and they learned that she had been run down and sunk that very morning between two and three o'clock.

The newcomer was moored in her place, and it actually happened that people who saw her keeping guard were unaware that she was a stranger, and that the old lightship which she had come to relieve was at the bottom of the sea. Of its kind, this is the most extraordinary incident in the annals of the Corporation.

Next to collision, the most common form of danger is the breaking adrift of a lightship. This has happened with tolerable frequency, but only through stress of exceptionally bad weather. The most recent case was in the great storm in February, 1903, in the Irish Sea. The Selker lightship, off the Cumberland coast, was torn from her moorings, carried by wind and sea on to a lee shore, and there she was thrown high and dry, and became a total wreck.



Being in the very thick of the traffic of the world's busiest waterway, the men at the Nore find time pass more quickly than the crews of outlying vessels. There is a constant procession of outward and inward bound craft, and many ships of war go past her, to say nothing of the regular "Dutchies" who cross the channel from Queenborough.

With the help of the glasses people ashore can be made out, the green fields of the Isle of Sheppey are clearly visible, and with a favourable wind the sound of church bells and military music is borne to the lightship.

Divine service, by the way, is held regularly on Sunday, weather permitting, the master acting as clergyman. Sometimes a torpedo-boat or destroyer will dash up and throw a welcome parcel of magazines and newspapers on board, or a friendly pilot cutter from Sheerness will come with letters and take them off to post.

This pilot postal service is, I imagine, almost unique. On the second day of my visit I snapped the little vessel as she rushed up and threw a packet of letters on board. As she swept past the stern she took from a long net a letter which I had written. This was posted at Sheerness and was duly delivered in London.

Coming away from a lightship is a far more difficult business than getting to one.

You must take advantage of two things—weather and convenience. Now, often enough, the weather will make it impossible to get a boat either to or from a passing vessel, and you may have to stay on board as long as the lightshipman who has been yearning for the day of his release.

In my own case, the weather had come in pretty strong from the East. There was an unpleasant sea for boats, so that it was necessary to lose no chance of getting to the shore. The opportunity came with startling suddenness. Some Leigh shrimpers were rushing up with wind and tide; and the master said that if I wished to be put ashore I must make up my mind at once. I did. I rushed below, exchanged my nondescript garb—any old clothes are good enough for lightship use—for shore-going kit, pushed everything into my bag, and hurried on deck just as the signal flags "Can you give a passage?" were run up.

A fishing boat was going past. She was hailed, but her skipper took no notice, his thoughts being more concerned about his market than any message which was flying from the Nore lightship.

But luckily it was seen that a second shrimper was now making for the lightship. The fishing boat rushed up, and one of her two men jumped into her dingey and sculled towards us. More drenching by the sea, more rough and ready work, and a final tumble into the dingey, which was half filled with water. Then a scramble on board the shrimper, and a swift run to Leigh, where, on stepping ashore, the skipper was asked if he had hauled up his passenger in his trawl. Being a humorist he explained that he had not, but he had found me swimming about in the dead of night by the Girdler lightship, and had effected a swift and gallant rescue.

There is no sadness of farewell on leaving a lightship. There is no time for a handshake, or a word of goodbye, or recognition of the all-round kindness which the visitor receives on board—conduct which is in perfect keeping with the kindness of everybody connected with the Honourable Trinity Corporation with whom one comes in contact. It is a kindness which makes you think for many a long day of the lonely crews who, in their restless homes, are incessantly vigilant in guarding our fatal shores and watching over the safety of the mariner, and of the admirable officials who control the work of the Trinity Corporation.

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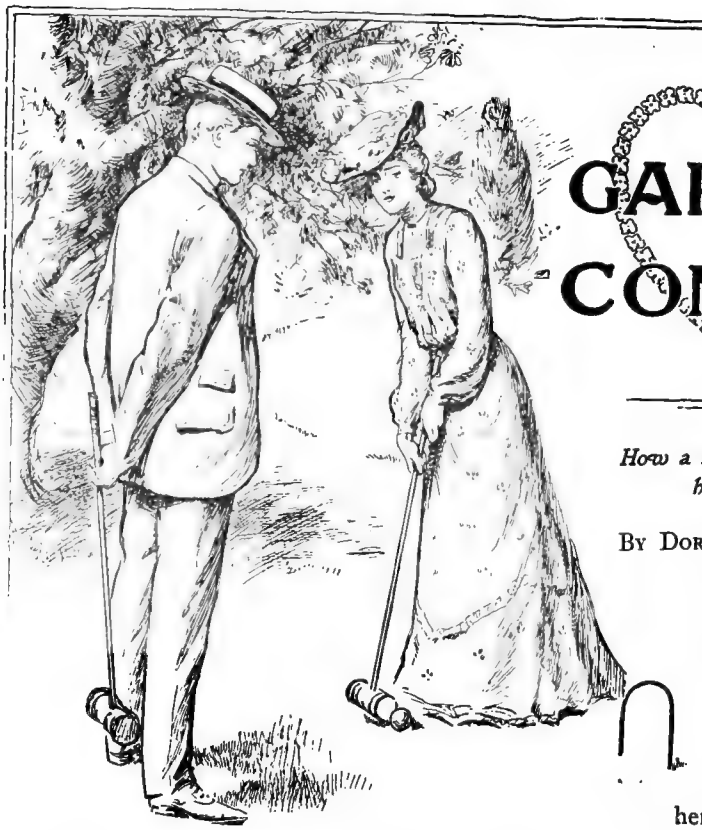

A GARDEN COMEDY.

How a Matchmaker Met her Fate.

By Dorothea Deakin.

"Yes," I said, with a happy sigh, "Dick loves my garden, and the last time Daisy was here she told me it was the most delightful playground in the world."

The Duenna crunched her toast without response.

"They shall play in it together," I said, "I will see that they have a good time. Daisy is very decorative. She shall wear her white frocks all day, and trail her frills about the lawn. A pretty young girl is the one thing this old house wants, Duenna. Not even the sundial, or the fountain, or the peacocks on the terrace, are more necessary to the perfection of the garden than a girl like Daisy is to——"

"To charm Dick?" the Duenna asked abruptly.

"Why not?" I asked, after a pause.

The Duenna stared in horror.

"Is it possible," she said slowly, "that you have forgotten about Daisy's fortune?"

"I don't know anything about Daisy's fortune," I said idly, "I thought the child was as poor as a church mouse."

"It isn't very much. She won't have it till she's twenty-one, and then, only on the condition that she marries with her guardian's consent."

I laughed.

"Her guardian is an old dear," I said.

The Duenna rose from the table and came to my side.

"There is one person in the world," she said, "whom Daisy is not to marry. And Dick is the man."

I looked up in amazement.

"Dick?" I cried, "but why?——"

"It is a ridiculous story," she said impatiently. "Daisy's father was a mad phrenologist, in an ignorant amateur way, and, when Dick was quite a little boy, unfortunately he was allowed to examine the child's bumps. He discovered that the boy was an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type, and he made Daisy's guardian promise that the two should never meet."

I laughed.

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"A criminal!" I said. "What nonsense——"

"You will find," said she, "that in the eyes of Daisy's guardian her father's will is the best of sense. It was a deathbed request, you see."

"I knew they had never met," I said slowly, "but I put it down to the fact that Dick was a schoolboy when Daisy was in the nursery."

"But you see now, Désirée, that it is impossible for you to have them here together?"

I leaned my chin on my hand and tried to think it out.

"Dick has always spent his holidays here," I said at last, "since he and poor Frank went to school together. Now that Frank is dead—" my voice broke. "Oh, Duenna, how can I tell him that he can't come, now that Frank is dead?"

"Let Dick come, then, and put Daisy off till he goes back to his work."

A sudden picture flashed into my mind's eye of Daisy at the gloomy London breakfast table opening my letter of refusal. I had never seen the blue of her eyes overclouded, and I could only imagine the downward droop of her pretty mouth in an hour of disappointment. It was not a pleasing picture.

"Whatever happens," I said quickly, "I shall not disappoint Daisy."

"My dear," said the Duenna, "for goodness' sake, look the thing in the face. You don't want to do anything unkind, I know, but you may be laying up any amount of unhappiness for those young people in the future, if you shirk writing a letter which will seem cruel only for the moment."

"It isn't the writing of it," I said sadly, "it's their reading of it. I don't like to think of Daisy's face with the light of life gone out of it, and it isn't possible for me to refuse poor Dick the very first time he asks to come, after—after——"

I hunted for my handkerchief. The Duenna gave up trying to appear harsh and bent over me.

"You will have your own way," she said, "and if it is never a sensible way, it is always a kind one. After all, I suppose a fortnight is hardly long enough to damage either of their hearts very severely."

"And Dick is not at *all* susceptible," I murmured with conviction.

* * * * *

The first three days were delightful. Daisy wore her pretty white frocks with a distracting grace, and Dick played at gardening and taught Daisy croquet. On the fourth day the trouble began. Daisy came to me as I was quietly reading in the rose-garden, and sat down on the gravel path at my feet regardless of clean white muslin.

"Désirée," she said softly, laying her cool cheek on my hand, "you are five years older than me, ever so much more sensible, and you are always so sympathetic. I am a little uneasy in my mind."

"What is it, little girl?" I asked with a smile.

"It's about Dick."

I opened my eyes. Already?

"About Dick?" I said.

She sighed.

"Yes," she said gently, "I—oh, Désirée, I hardly like telling you, but I am afraid he is getting fond of me."

I sighed.

"Everybody is fond of you, Blue-eyes," I said.

Daisy laughed.

"Yes, I know Only I don't exactly mean that kind of fondness. I mean—I mean—you see—I think he is falling in love with me."

"Well," I said.

"But he mustn't, Désirée."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't care for him."

"But perhaps you will get to like him. You have only known him three days, you see."

Daisy shook her head.

"I know," she said. "And then there is another thing. Dick is the one person I must never let myself like. Daddy found out that he was an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type."

"Dearest," I said, "Dick isn't a criminal, and you mustn't let the thought of money influence you. Love is the only thing in the world that really matters. Remember this, my Daisy. And if you should love Dick, and find that he loved you, you must let your money go."

Daisy was building a fort of red gravel.

"Ye-es," she said, "of course that sounds all right, but *you* can hardly judge, you see. You have so much, Désirée. You don't know what it is to want things frightfully badly and have no money to buy them with."

"And do you?" smiling. She overthrew her fort with a sweep of her little sunburnt hand.

"Of course," she said. "I have to dress

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on fifty pounds a year, and the worry of it is wearing me into the grave."

"Dick earns quite enough to keep a wife in comfort," I said.

Daisy sat up.

"I don't care for him," she cried. "And never shall. Only I am afraid he is very unhappy about me."

"If you don't love him," I said gravely, "you must try to let him see it. Don't flirt with him if he cares for you. It is the cruellest thing in the world."

Daisy sighed.

"I can't be distant and reserved," she said. "It isn't in me, and I must try and be nice to him, because, you see, if he is unhappy it is my fault."

"Are you sure that he cares so much?" I said; "he doesn't look unhappy. How do you know, Daisy?"

"Oh," she said with a shrug, "a girl can always tell these things, and I know the symptoms. The way he looks at me—and the things he says—and—oh, everything."

"I have heard him make pretty speeches to girls before," I said slowly.

Daisy rose and shook the gravel from her skirts.

"Don't you think I can tell?" she cried with some spirit. "And I'm going in now to do my hair before tea comes out."

* * * * *

Dick was the next one to lay his sorrows at my feet—the very same evening he followed me out into the dusky garden after dinner, and I looked at him anxiously as he ran his fingers through his fair hair and wrinkled his forehead before he began.

"I want to ask your advice," he said, "you are so sympathetic, Désirée."

A sudden fear caught my heart and held it for a moment quite still.

"It's about that child, Daisy," he said.

"What about Daisy?" I asked in a low voice.

"I thought perhaps you would have noticed," he said quickly, "but I see you haven't. I hope you won't think it beastly of me—I'm not a conceited chap as a rule, Désirée—but it is too obvious, I'm afraid. I can't help thinking that the little goose is going to fall in love with me."

I laughed out with sudden relief.

"I hadn't noticed it myself," I cried. "But one never knows. Why, Dick?"

Dick hesitated.

"It's the way she looks at me—there's a sort of wistful, appealing expression in her eyes—she is such a child, you see," apologetically. "And I feel very worried about it. It's a great pity, because we were all so happy together."

"Yes," said I; "but why shouldn't she fall in love with you?"

He looked at me in some surprise.

"I don't want to make her unhappy," he said. "And then there is that business about her father's money. I am the one man in the world Daisy must never think of. You forget that I am an incipient criminal of the lowest type."

"I *am* rather apt to forget that," I answered with a half smile. "But when love is in the question, Dick, money matters nothing—nothing at all."

He gave a quick cry, began to speak, then stopped. Even in that dim light I could see how strangely his eyes were fixed on my face.

"If you and Daisy were to grow to love each other," I went on, "you must forget her fortune."

"But suppose the love is all on one side," said he earnestly.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care for Daisy," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, Dick! She is delightful."

"Yes," he said. "She is a sweet little girl and distractingly pretty. But——"

"Well?"

"She is not my ideal."

"What is your ideal, Dick?"

Again he was silent—I did not understand why.

"And after all," said I, with a smile, "you may be mistaken."

He shook his head impatiently.

"No," he said. "There is not the slightest possibility of a mistake. I have seen it in her eyes. A man can always tell these things, you know."

I laughed.

"You must try to treat her with distant politeness," I said cheerfully. "Show her that you are quite indifferent to her."

"I don't want to be unkind," he answered quickly. "I feel that I would do anything in the world to make up to the poor child—and it isn't easy to be chilly with Daisy."

"No," said I thoughtfully. "And now suppose we go in and get her to sing to us."

* * * * *

After that I watched the two carefully and it seemed to be that each was doing his and her very best to please the other. Daisy smiled at Dick with eyes full of remorse and friendly feeling, and Dick treated Daisy with a deferential chivalry new to her and evidently

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infinitely attractive. Even the placid Duenna grew alarmed, and came into my room one night a few days after the double confidence to tell me again how foolish I was to allow it.

"Allow what?" said I sadly.

She sniffed.

"They are always together," she said. "And the way Daisy uses her eyes is disgraceful."

"Such pretty blue eyes," I murmured with a sigh.

"If I were you," said the Duenna shortly, "I should pack them both off home to-morrow. *I* wouldn't be responsible for what is going to happen. Daisy's guardian will be furious with you, you know he will. It isn't fair to him, Désirée."

"But," said I slowly, "Daisy assures me that she doesn't care for Dick. She has no wish to marry an incipient criminal of the lowest type, she says."

The Duenna sniffed again.

"Fudge," said she.

"And Dick," I went on, "possesses an ideal. Daisy, he says, falls short of it."

"Fiddlesticks," said the Duenna.

"Yes," I said with a sigh. "I see what you mean and I quite agree with you. They don't know their own minds yet; but they are falling in love with each other as fast as they can. It is only a question of time. They began by pitying each other."

"*We* know what pity is akin to," said the Duenna. "Look out of the window—over there by the roses."

Under the roses Daisy was sitting. Dick was lying at her feet, gazing up into her eyes.

"I was asked for advice," I murmured, "and I counselled distant politeness, indifference, and reserve. What is Daisy doing with Dick's hand, Duenna?"

"Telling his fortune," cried she with a sniff. "Not a difficult thing to do under the circumstances, I should think. My dear, my dear, what have we done?"

I quickly drew my head in, and kissed her.

"It is nice of you to say 'we,'" I answered. "And now I think I will go upstairs and lie down a bit. My head aches."

Up in my own cool bedroom I threw myself into a low chair by the window, laid my arms on the window-sill, my head on my arms, and tried to think. Some cruel little voice at the back of my brain found a clear insistent echo in the song of the cock thrush in the red thorn tree, and the three notes held the door of my mind and kept wisdom out.

"He loves Daisy—Dick loves Daisy—Dick and Daisy—Daisy and Dick—He loves her—He loves her."

"I am a fool," I said at last. "I might have known—and I have their happiness in my hands. It depends upon me whether Dick—— Oh Dick! Dick! Dick!" I cried for half-an-hour and then I made up my mind and looked out of the window again to my dear sunny garden. The two were still there. He had drawn a little closer to her and was talking quickly and earnestly.

I had made up my mind. So when Daisy went to bed that night I followed her up to the little room I had made so pink and white and pretty for her to sleep in.

"Dear," I said gently, "I want to ask you something."

"Yes," said she, taking out her hairpins, and shaking out her yellow hair.

"Do you still feel the same about Dick as you did when——"

"No," cried she, with a laugh. "Entirely different."

"And you find you were mistaken in——?"

"Quite mistaken," said she with emphasis.

"You understand each other?"

"Perfectly," said Daisy. I kissed her.

"You are a happy girl, Blue-eyes?" said I.

"I've always been a happy girl," said Daisy in some surprise. "But you're not going, Désirée?"

"Yes," said I, "I'm tired to-night." On the stairs I met Dick.

"Good-night, Dick." I tried to smile with sisterly affection. "I'm glad to find that you and Daisy understand each other."

He looked puzzled.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I guessed," said I. "You see you were wrong after all the other day, Dick."

"Absolutely wrong," said he. "I must have been insane—Daisy and I get on splendidly now."

"I see you do," said I. "Good-night, Dick."

"But, Désirée——"

My courage was ebbing.

"I am so tired," said I. "Don't think me unsympathetic, Dick, but I really must go to bed. To-morrow, perhaps."

"They are the prettiest pair of lovers in the world," I told the Duenna next morning. "It ought to do one good to see such happiness. They are inseparable."

"H'm," said she, "and what about you."

"Oh, I'm going to play the fairy godmother," I answered slowly.

"What on earth do you mean?"

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I told her.

"You are mad," said she, "mad as usual."

I laughed at her solemn face of disapproval.

"Would you like me better if I were sane?" I asked.

The Duenna was silent.

"I'm going to tell them now," said I. "Do you know where they are?"

"No."

I found them presently on the lawn, and Dick rose as I came and opened out a deck chair for me.

"Thank you, Dick," said I, as I sank down. Daisy slipped from her chair to the grass at my side and leaned her pretty head against my knee — then, "I have been thinking seriously about you two," said I.

Daisy laughed, and Dick sat down.

"What about us?" said she.

"This," replied I. "I know you and Dick have come to an understanding."

"What about us?" said Daisy. "This," I replied. "I know you and Dick have come to an understanding."

Dick smiled.

"We have indeed," said he.

"And, unfortunately," I went on, "Dick is the one man in the world you may never marry——"

"Yes," murmured she, "he is an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type."

"And Dick," I went on, "is too honourable to persuade you to give up your fortune for his sake."

"Much," said Daisy with emphasis.

"Of course," said I, "you love him enough to marry him—fortune or not."

Dick made a sudden effort to interrupt.

"But——"

"Let me finish," said I.

"Yes," said Daisy, "let her finish."

"When I asked you two to stay here at the same time," I went on, "I did it with my eyes open. The Duenna warned me of what would happen, and I disregarded her advice. Consequently, all this is my fault."

They laughed in quick chorus.

"When Daisy marries you," I turned to Dick, "I intend to settle upon her the exact amount she loses—so that her fortune will be just the same."

I looked inquiringly at the two.

"I think it is an excellent plan," I murmured, "and you must see that it does away with all difficulties—now doesn't it?"

"Ye-es," said Daisy, "only——"

"There is nothing now," continued I,

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"to prevent the course of your true love from running as smooth as silk—now is there?"

"N-no," said Dick.

"I have only one fault to find with your plan." Daisy looked up slyly into my face.

"Well?"

"There isn't any true love to run anywhere." I stared.

"What——"

"No," said she demurely, "and I don't in the least want to marry Dick—quite the contrary."

She rose suddenly and put her arms round my neck and laid her round cheek against mine.

"Oh, Désirée," she cried, "there is no one in the world like you. The sweetest and kindest and dearest and most unselfish and nicest and——"

I gazed into her blue eyes bewildered.

She dimpled and blushed "Perhaps," said she, "you will believe me when I tell you that I've left a nice little sweetheart of my own away in London Town. I should have told you about him before, only my guardian wants the poor dear to be kept a gloomy secret till I'm twenty-one."

"But, Dick," I cried, "what about Dick?"

Daisy stood up and laughed again.

"Oh, Dick," she said lightly, "*I* am not Dick's ideal. Far from it. I will leave him to tell you."

She did leave us with flying footsteps. I watched her white dress flutter across the lawn and disappear round the corner of the house. Dick rose and stood before me, but I could not break the silence, and in the end it was he who did it.

"Do you understand?" said he.

"No," I answered wearily, "I don't understand either of you in the very least."

"I had a secret," said he, "and Daisy guessed it. She let me talk to her about it and was always kind."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"Daisy?" I said reproachfully, "You told your secret to her before me? Oh, Dick."

"*You* were the secret," said he. "I love you, Désirée. I have always loved you. I know you don't care for me, but I must tell you before I go. I thought once that you might have learned to like me, and then I dared not speak to you because of your money. Then the other day you said that love was the only thing that mattered, and so—and so——"

I hid my face in my hands and shut out the bewildering landscape.

"If you had cared for me," he went on, "you would not have thrown Daisy at my head as you have done, but I had to tell you. I am going now."

I rose from my low seat.

"It isn't fair," said I. "Daisy has told her secret and you have told yours. I have a secret too, but it seems that nobody wants to hear mine."

He came a step nearer and looked at me intently; then——

"Désirée," he cried, "you don't mean?—It isn't true ——?"

"Yes," said I, with a happy sigh, "that's exactly what I do mean—it is quite true."

"Then your secret is?"

"*You*," said I. And it was.

"*You* were the secret," said he.

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CAP AND BELLS

ISN'T SO SURE OF THAT.

SHE: "A writer says that in order to succeed, a man must be ninety-five per cent. backbone."

HE: "Oh, I don't know. A great many who have managed to arrive are ninety-five per cent. cheek."

* * * * *

THE PENALTY.

MR. WORKHARDD: "My dear, I have lost my situation, and it happens that I haven't a shilling left in the world. We must go to the workhouse for dinner."

MRS. WORKHARDD: "Surely some of the tradesmen with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us!"

MR. WORKHARDD (sadly): "No, I have no credit anywhere. You see, we always paid cash."

* * * * *

NOT UP TO THE PREDICTIONS.

"Well, is married life all that it is painted?" asked the girl.

"Not quite," replied the bride, with what her friend later declared she was almost sure was a sigh. "We've been married three months now, and during that time Jack has only spent four evenings at the club."

WORRIED.

HOST: "My wife is worrying about there being thirteen at the table to-night."

GUEST: "Superstitious, eh?"

HOST: "No; she has only a dozen silver knives and forks."

* * * * *

EVERYTHING THERE.

"Everything has its place," said Mrs. Bordenhaus to the boarder whose room was always untidy.

"And this," replied the boarder, scanning the dish of hash before him, "seems to be the place."

* * * * *

THOROUGH CONVERSION.

TOM: "I confess I haven't much sympathy with the missionary cause. I had an uncle who went as a missionary, and instead of converting the heathen, they converted him."

RUTH: "How strange! And what faith did they convert him to?"

TOM: "None. They converted him into a stew."

* * * * *

A horse is a good thing to carry you, but a poor thing to carry your money.

SKETCHING AT THE ZOO.

In the height of the season the elephant has a rare time.

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MY SEASIDE DAY
① Dear Jack,
First I hired a donkey, and got on splendidly-
LIFE BELT
②Then had a dip - can't swim. Had a lifebelt, so was all right-
③Fished, but didn't have much of a catch-
④Ogled the girls. Unfortunately fell over an obstruction, but came off victorious-

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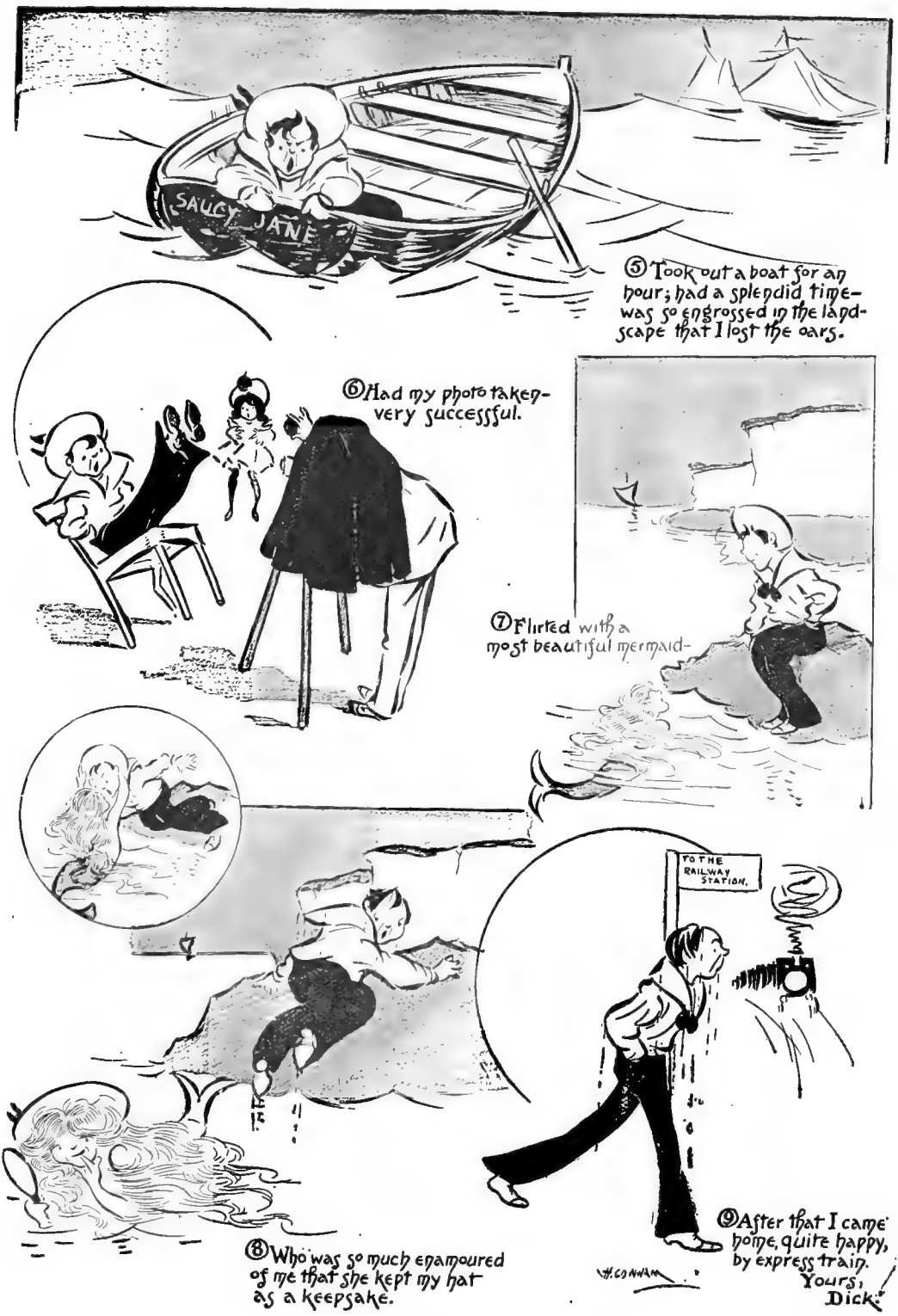
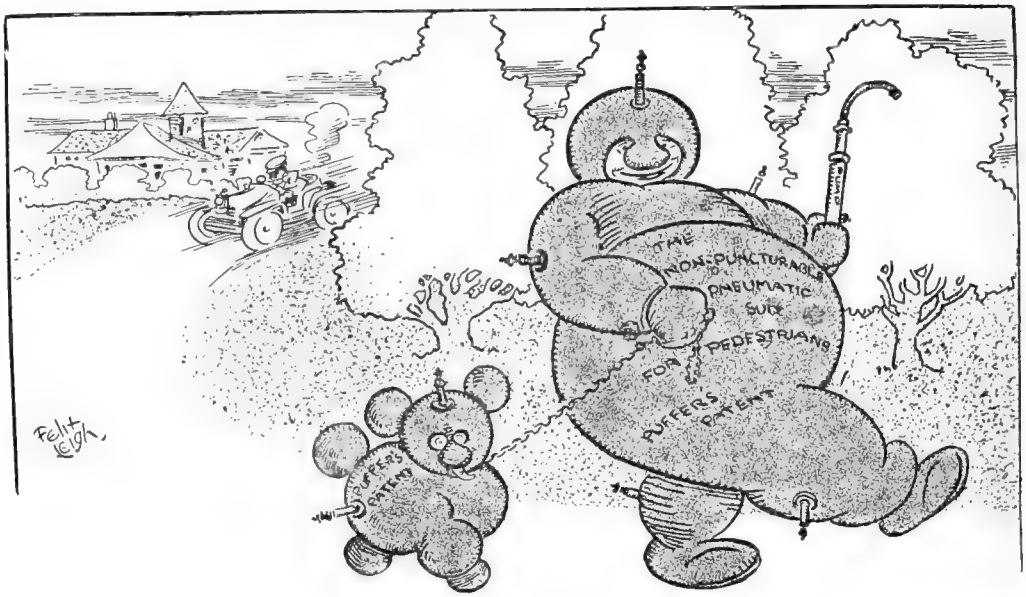

SAUCY JANE
⑤ Took out a boat for an hour; had a splendid time- was so engrossed in the landscape that I lost the oars.
⑥ Had my photo taken- very successful.
⑦ Flirted with a most beautiful mermaid-
TO THE RAILWAY STATION.
⑧ Who was so much enamoured of me that she kept my hat as a keepsake.
⑨ After that I came home, quite happy, by express train.
Yours,
Dick.



IS MOTORING DANGEROUS?

Not if pedestrians and their dogs will consent to dress in the above rational manner.

NEW-FANGLED SCHOOLS.

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb,
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he couldn't do a sum.

They taught him how to mould the head of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach him how to spell his name.

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
What 'twas they did that made his son so backward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool.
"I want him educated!" so he took him from that school.

CARVER'S CRISIS.

For two hours he tried to carve it,
Then this fact he understood,
That the turkey was a cripple
And the turkey's legs were wood.

HE WON THE BET.

A showman was making a great noise at the front of the exhibition of "wonders" he had on show. A man standing in the crowd, with a little dog beside him, cried out: "I'll bet you a quid you can't let me see the lion."

"Done!" said the showman eagerly. "Put down your money."

The man placed a sovereign in the hand of a bystander, and the showman did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There!" said he triumphantly, "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion."

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman.

"I'm blind," was the reply, and without another word the blind man pocketed the two sovereigns and went away.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

ROYAL MAGAZINE COMPETITION.

THE work of checking the attempts in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE Competition is proceeding apace. Naturally, the greatest possible amount of care has to be taken, and, consequently, the scrutiny of the attempts cannot be hurried. Next month I hope to be able to say something definite regarding the result.

QUEER PEOPLE.

How often people say to me: "It must be so interesting to be an editor! You must see so many queer people." Yes, we do, or rather we come across ordinary enough people who have been smitten with the craving—I had almost said disease—to see their names in print. Some of them are so wildly enthusiastic that they will do or say almost anything to persuade one to publish their effusions. Money is no object to them. The desire of their lives is to see their names above some poem or story.

Bismarck was once waylaid by a man who asked for an interview, and when he was refused threatened to throw himself into the river. "Then I shall be doing humanity a service," said Bismarck, and walked on. When a writer quite lately held the same appalling threat over my head I am happy to say I was quite undisturbed, though I'm too polite a man to use the brutal candour of the great Prussian.

But you have no idea how hard it is at first to steel your heart against the wiles of dainty femininity smitten with literary fever. You may be proof against flattery and smiles, but unless you are a fairly old hand it is hard to resist tears. Personally, I have never been overcome by these methods—I say it with all modesty, though I own to being rather proud of the fact.

But others have not fared so well. I remember one day paying a visit to an editor friend of mine, and while we were chatting together a card was brought in. I don't exaggerate matters when I say that my friend changed colour when he read the name.

"What am I to do, old fellow?" he gasped. "I simply can't see this woman."

"Tell her you're——" I began.

"Did you say I was in?" he asked the boy who brought in the card.

"No, sir, I said I'd see."

"Tell her I'm out and won't be in again to-day."

"Now," groaned my friend, turning to me, "I shan't dare to stir out of this office for hours. She's sure to be hanging about outside, with her eye on the door."

"What on earth——" I began alarmed, he looked such a picture of despair.

And then the story came out. A year ago she brought him an article, and got him to glance through it while she was in the room. He told her that he could not possibly use it and without a moment's hesitation she laid her head against the desk and started weeping. He tried all manner of wiles to stanch her tears and get her off the premises. All to no purpose; she refused to be comforted.

At last, in desperation, he took the article, and she went her way rejoicing. But publish it he couldn't. It would have killed his paper. So he put it into his drawer and trusted to luck—the young fool! For soon enough she began to pay him visits, full of anxiety to learn when her precious effusion was to see the light. And these visits were repeated at intervals, and every time she became more insistent.

"I've put her off with every conceivable excuse," moaned my unhappy friend. "But it's to no purpose."

The sequel is rather funny. It happens that none of the articles in my friend's

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journal are signed — a fact which had escaped the lady's notice. One day she seems to have suddenly realised this, for she called in a great state to know whether her name was to appear. And when she learned that this was contrary to regulations she left my friend in peace—at least, so far as I know.

Will she ever attempt the ROYAL? I'll tell you if she does.

MY HOLIDAYS.

You are all very kind and sympathetic. My request for hints as to some suitable holiday resort has met with so many replies that I have been kept quite busy returning grateful acknowledgments. All these replies have pleased me, and two of them in particular, each for a different reason—the one touching my sense of humour, the other —my heart The first, couched in a most amiable strain, intimated that the writer had made a note of my request in the June number of the ROYAL; that if any man deserved a perfect holiday I was the man, and that if any man meant to move heaven and earth to procure me this perfect holiday he was the man. Was I married or single? Had I children? Did I keep dogs? And, finally, the letter wound up with the assurance that Margate was just the place for a jaded London editor.

Now, the charms of Margate are not such as appeal to a lover of loneliness and peace, so I sent my correspondent a guarded reply, thanking him for his very kind letter, and telling him that I should consider his suggestion.

I heard from him again sooner than I expected, for two days later I received a bulky letter, full of printed slips extolling in flowery language the manifold virtues of a certain private hotel in Margate. The situation was superb, the rooms were palatial, the food was excellent, the view from the windows was magnificent, and, finally, the hotel keeper's name was identical with the name of my kind correspondent. That man is certain to get on in life.

I RESIST TEMPTATION.

The letter which touched my heart was from a young lady who, "with father's and mother's permission," invited me to her parental residence in—well, it doesn't matter where. Inclosed with this sweet invitation was a photograph of the writer — "which I send you so that we sha'n't miss each other when I meet you at the station. I will know you at once from the portrait at the top of your paper."

If I hadn't already made arrangements to go to Cornwall, I think I should then and there have started for my correspondent's house, so smitten was I with the inclosed photograph, out of which a pair of the most bewitching eyes, set in the loveliest of faces, gazed frankly at me. But, alas! It was impossible! So with a heavy heart I packed my boxes; with a heavy heart I drove to the station, and with a heavy heart I travelled down to Cornwall.

Oh, by the way, my charming correspondent was quite candid about her age! "I am eight," she said, "and when I'm ten mother's going to send me to a school in Cheltenham."

£50 FOR A HOLIDAY!

I see that my friend, the Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, is offering £50 to the man who takes what he considers the most original holiday. Goodness only knows what hare-brained expeditions are at present on foot! For £50 is a cosy little sum to make, especially when the making of it is a pleasure in itself. If I were only as young as I was ——! But look at my portrait! I'm too old to hire myself out as a farm labourer, and too respectable to beg my way from Land's End to John o' Groats, or join a gang of gipsies. If steam-rollers were to be had for a song I might have hired one and thundered round the country in it. . . . No, but you are young and active; and, if you have not already taken your holidays, I advise you to think out some original scheme, and become the happy possessor of £50.

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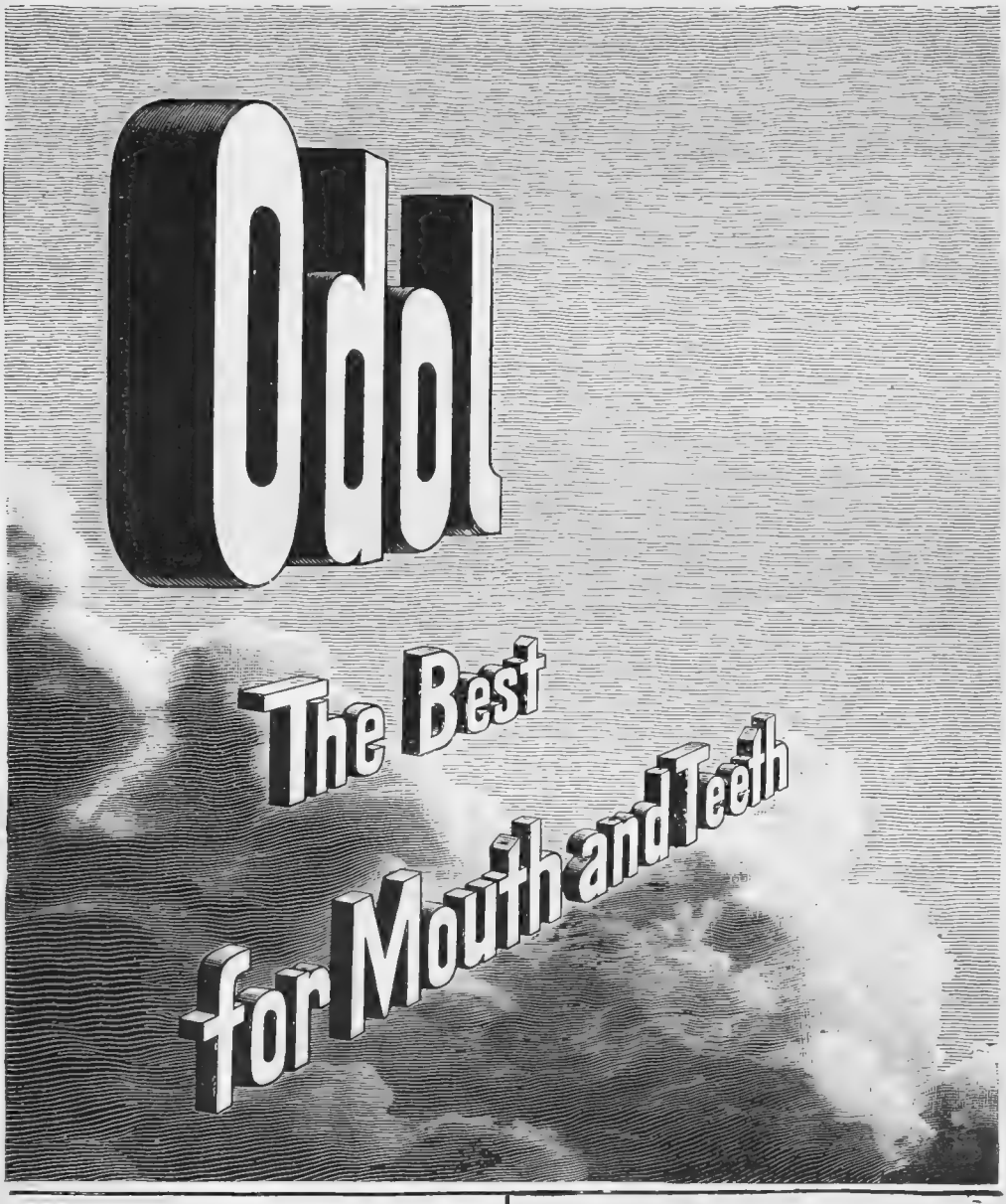

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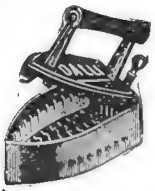

Woman's Delight!

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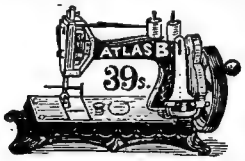

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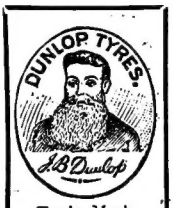

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